

MISCELLANEOUS P O E M S

AND
TRANSLATIONS.

By several HANDS.

Publish'd by RICHARD SAVAGE,
Son of the late Earl RIVERS.

*Multa Poëtarum veniet Manus, auxilio quæ
Sit mihi ——— Hor.*



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MISCELLANEOUS



By Royal Warrant

Printed by

Don of the late Earl

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For

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LONDON

Printed for

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in the



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
LADY Mary Wortley Mountague.

M A D A M,



THAT I have the Ambition
to address my Miscellany to
the Loveliest Patroness in the
World, is a Presumption, I
confess, in *Me*, who have not
the Honour to be known to your Ladyship:
But I have a Motive to it, still more power-
ful than the flattering Hope of your con-
descending to forgive me; I mean, the

iv *DEDICATION.*

Goodness, Tenderness, and Sweetness of Disposition, so natural to your Ladyship. For, since, in Nature, as well as in Painting, no Colours appear so strong, or strike so forcibly, as the *contrasted*; Who better qualified to distinguish how much *beyond Woman* your Ladyship is adorn'd, and inspir'd, than One, who has been unhappy from his Birth, by Absence of those *natural Qualities*, from the Breast, He was born to depend on?

Nature seems to have form'd my Mind, as inconsistently, as Fortune has my Condition: She has given me a *Heart* that is as *proud* as my Father's; to a Rank in Life, almost as *low* as the Humanity of my Mother! But as Fortune is not more my Enemy, than I am the Enemy of Flattery, I know not how I can forbear this Application to your Ladyship; because there is scarce a Possibility, that I shou'd say more than I believe, when I am speaking of your Excellence.



Since

DEDICATION. v

Since our Country has been honour'd by the Glory of your *Wit*, as Elevated and Immortal as your *Soul*! It no longer remains a Doubt, whether your Sex have Strength of Mind, in Proportion to their Sweetness? — There is something in your *Verses*, as distinguish'd as your *Air*! — They are as strong as Truth; as deep as Reason; as clear as Innocence; and as smooth as Beauty! — They contain a nameless, and peculiar, Mixture, of Grace, and Force; which is at once so movingly serene, and so majestically lovely, that it is too amiable to appear any where, but in your *Eyes*, and your *Writings*.

Forgive me, Madam, if (while I feel the divine Influence of your *Spirit*, which no Words but Yours can *display*, and no Form but Yours cou'd have enshrin'd) I presume to lay before you such unpardonable Compositions as my own: Those of my Friends will, I doubt not, prove worthy of your

vj *DEDICATION.*

Perusal; and, in some Measure, atone the
Faults of His, who begs Permission to sub-
scribe Himself,

With the utmost Devotion,

M A D A M,

Your Ladyship's most Humble,

and most Obedient Servant,



RICHARD SAVAGE.

P R E.



P R E F A C E

*Crudelis Mater magis, an Puer improbus Ille?
Improbus Ille Puer, crudelis tu quoque Mater.*

Virg.



Y Readers, I am afraid, when they observe *Richard Savage* join'd so close, and so constantly, to *Son of the late Earl Rivers*, will impute to a ridiculous Vanity, what is the Effect of an unhappy Necessity, which my hard Fortune has thrown me under —

I am to be pardon'd for adhering a little tenaciously to my Father, because my Mother will allow me to be No-body; and has almost reduced me, among heavier Afflictions, to That uncommon kind of Want, which the *Indians of America* complain'd of at our first settling among them; when they came to beg *Names of the English*, because (said They) *we are Poor Men of ourselves, and have none we can lay Claim to.*

The Good-Nature of Those, to whom I have not the Honour to be known, would forgive me

the ludicrous Turn of this Beginning, if they knew but how little Reason I have to be merry. — It was my Misfortune to be Son of the above-mention'd Earl, by the late Countess of *Macclesfield*, (now Widow of Colonel *Henry Bret*;) whose Divorce, on Occasion of the Amour which I was a Consequence of, has left something on Record, which I take to be very remarkable; and it is This: Certain of our Great Judges, in their *temporal* Decisions, act with a *spiritual* Regard to the *Levitical Divinity*; and in particular, to the *Ten Commandments*: Two of which seem, in my Case, to have visibly influenced their Opinions. — *Thou shalt not commit Adultery*, pointed fullest on my Mother: But, as to *The Lord's visiting the Sins of the Fathers on the Children*, it was consider'd as what cou'd regard *me* only: And, for that Reason, I suppose, it had been inconsistent with the Rules of Sanctity, to assign Provision out of my Mother's return'd Estate, for Support of an Infant Sinner.

Thus, while *legally* the Son of one Earl, and *naturally* of another, I am, *nominaly*, No-body's Son at all: For the Lady, having given me *too much Father*, thought it but an equivalent Deduction, to leave me *no Mother*, by way of Ballance. — So I came sported into the World, a kind of Shuttlecock, between Law and Nature: — If Law had not beaten me back, by the Stroke of an Act, on purpose, I had now been *above Wit*, by the Privilege of a Man of Quality: Nay, I might have preserved, into the Bargain, the Lives of *Duke Hamilton* and *Lord Mohun*, whose Dispute arose from the Estate of That *Earl of Macclesfield*, whom (but for the mention'd Act) I must have call'd *Father*.

ther. — And, if Nature had not struck me off, with a stranger Blow than Law did, the other Earl, who was most *emphatically* my Father, cou'd never have been told, I was *dead*, when He was about to enable me, by his *Will*, to have *liv'd*, to some purpose. An unaccountable Severity of a *Mother!* whom I was then not old enough to have deserv'd it from: And by which I am a single unhappy Instance, among That Nobleman's Natural Children; and thrown, friendless, on the World, without Means of supporting *myself*; and without Authority to apply to Those, whose Duty I know it is to support me.

Thus, however ill qualified I am to *live by my Wits*, I have the best Plea in the World for attempting it; since it is too apparent, that I was *Born to it*. — Having wearied my Judgment with fruitless Endeavours to be *happy*; I gave the Reins to my Fancy, that I might learn, at least, to be *Easy*.

But I cease awhile to speak of *myself*, that I may say something of my *Miscellany*. — I was furnish'd, by the Verses of my Friends, with *Wit* enough to deserve a Subscription; but I wanted another much more profitable Quality, which shou'd have imbolden'd me to solicit it: By means of which natural Defect, (Another of my Wants, that, I *hope*, may be imputed to my Mother!) I had met with little Encouragement, but for the Endeavours of some few Gentlemen, in my Behalf, who were generous enough to consider my Ill-fortune, as a Merit, that intitled me to their Notice.

Among These I am particularly indebted to the Author of the *Plain-Dealers*, who was pleas'd,

in Two of his Papers, (which I intreat his Pardon, for reprinting, before my Miscellany) to point out my unhappy Story to the World, with so touching a Humanity, and so good an Effect, that many Persons of Quality, of all Ranks, and of both Sexes, distinguish'd themselves with the Promptness he had hinted to the Noble-minded; and not staying till they were applied to, sent me the Honour of their Subscriptions, in the most liberal, and handsome Manner, for Encouragement of my Undertaking.

I ought here to acknowledge several Favours from Mr. *Hill*, whose Writings are a shining Ornament of this Miscellany; but I wave detaining my Readers, and beg leave to refer 'em to a Copy of Verses call'd the *Friend*, (page 126) which I have taken the Liberty to address to that Gentleman.

To return to the Lady, my Mother. — Had the celebrated Mr. *Locke* been acquainted with her Example, It had certainly appear'd in his *Chapter* against *Innate Practical Principles*; because it wou'd have compleated his Instances of Enormities: Some of which, tho' not exactly in the Order that he mentions 'em, are as follows — *Have there not been* (says he) *whole Nations, and those of the most civiliz'd People, amongst whom, the Exposing their Children, to perish by Want or wild Beasts, has been a Practice as little condemn'd, or scrupled, as the begetting them?* Were I inclinable to grow serious, I cou'd easily prove that I have not been more gently dealt with by Mrs. *Bret*; but if this is any way Foreign to my Case, I shall find a nearer Example in the whimsical One that ensues.

It

It is familiar (says the afore-cited Author) *among the MENGRELANS, a People professing Christianity, to bury their Children alive without Scruple —* There are indeed sundry Sects of *Christians*, and I have often wonder'd which cou'd be my *Mamma's*; But now I find she piously professes, and practises *Christianity* after the Manner of the *Mengrelians*; she industriously obscured me, when my Fortune depended on my being known, and, in that Sense, she may be said to have buried me alive; and sure, like a *Mengrelian*, she must have committed the Action without Scruple, for she is a Woman of Spirit, and can see the Consequence without Remorse. *The Caribees* (continues my Author) *were wont to castrate their Children, in order to fat and eat 'em —* Here indeed I can draw no Parallel; for to speak but Justice of the Lady, she never contributed ought to have me pamper'd, but always promoted my being starved: Nor did she, ev'n in my Infancy, betray Fondness enough to be suspected of a Design to devour me; but, on the contrary, not enduring me ever to approach Her, offer'd a Bribe to have had me ship'd off in an odd Manner, to one of the Plantations — When I was about *Fifteen*, Her Affection began to awake, and had I but known my Interest, I had been handsomely provided for: In short I was solicited to be bound Apprentice to a very honest and reputable Occupation — a *Shoemaker*; An Offer, which, I undutifully rejected. I was, in fine, unwilling to understand her in a literal Sense, and hoped, that like the Prophets of Old, she might have hinted her Mind in a kind of Parable, or proverbial way of speaking: as thus — that one Time or other I might,
on

on due Application, have the Honour of *taking the Length of her Foot.*

Mr. *Locke* mentions another Set of People, that *dispatch their Children, if a pretended Astrologer declares 'em to have unhappy Stars.* — Perhaps my *Mamma* has procur'd some *cunning Man* to calculate my *Nativity*; or having had some ominous Dream, which preceeded my Birth, the dire Event may have appear'd to her in the dark and dreary Bottom of a *China Cup*, where Coffee-stains are often consulted for Prophecies, and held as infallible as were the Leaves of the ancient *Sybils.* — To be partly serious: I am rather willing to wrong her Judgment, by suspecting it to be tainted a little with the Tenets of Superstition, than suppose she can be Mistress of a fear'd Conscience, and act on no Principle at all.



Numb. XXVIII.

THE
PLAIN DEALER.

Quam vocat hic Matrem? — Ovid Metam.

THE Loss of Friends is a Misery, which, more than any other, puts our Patience to the Trial, and breaks in upon Human Nature with a Violence not to be resisted. All the Looks, Words, and Actions, of those, who were dear to us, in their Life-times, rise, like Ghosts, to haunt the Memory : But, with this Difference from their Effects before Death had interposed, That we now remember, with a kind of Pleasure, the *Wrongs* and *Slights* we may have suffer'd from them, as the only Remedy we can have Recourse to for some Mitigation of our Sorrow : Whereas their *Vertues*, their *Endearments*, and the *Good Offices* they have done us, are like *Tortures* to the *Imagination* ; and the most painful *Enflamers* of our *Misery*.

But the Tendernefs of the *Lovlier Sex* maintains a generous Superiority, over Ours, in the Warmth, and Softnefs of their Sorrow. There is a Sweetnefs, in a Mother's Grief, when she drowns her *Charms* in *Tears*, that raises *Beauty* into *Majesty* ; and mixes Reverence with our Fondnefs for her. It is her *Soul*, we are then enamour'd of ! And the
Huf-

Husband, Son, or Father, of such a Mourner, considers, with an inward Triumph, the Interest he is proud to hold, in a Heart, so grac'd by Pity, and so sincerely Sweet and Sensible.

The Force of Natural Affection has its strongest Effect, in *Mothers*, from the great Necessity there is for that long Care, and Patience, which are the Support of the Human Species, during the Wants, and Helplessness of Infancy : And the most unreasonable Partialities, of fond *Mothers*, to their Children, are not only Pardonable, but Beautiful, when we consider, what good Effects are owing to the Influence of this charming Weakness.

Shakespear's Tragedy of King John has, I hear, been lately alter'd, with Design to bring it on the Stage next Winter. I doubt not, but the Alterer has been careful not to rob us of the Grief of *Constance*, for the Loss of her Son *Arthur*, when in the Hands of the King, who designs to Murder him. — Being told, That she is *Mad*, not *Sorrowful*, She replies,

*I am not mad, Oh ! wou'd to Heav'n, I were !
If I were mad, I shou'd forget my Son.*

————— *I have heard 'em say,
That we shall meet, and know our Friends in Heav'n :
If so, I, yet, may see my Boy again.*

— *But Sorrow's Canker will have eat his Bloom ;
Till he looks Pale, and Meagre, as a Ghost :
And dies, so chang'd, that, when, in Heaven, we meet,
I fear, I shall not know him !*

This Thought of her Son's Sorrow, and his becoming so alter'd by it, as not to be known, if she shou'd meet him, in Heaven, has so Natural



ral a Mixture in it, of the *Tender* and the *Wild*! Something so exquisitely adapted both to her Character, and her Condition, that I have always consider'd it, as One of the liveliest Strokes in the Tragedy: Tho' it is finely supported, by what follows.

*Grief fills the Place up, of my absent Son;
Lies in his Bed; walks with me up and down;
Puts on his pretty Looks; repeats his Words;
Swells out his vacant Garments with his Form.
— But Memory smarts to miss him!*

How much easier, and less lovely, wou'd this *Constance* have appear'd, under the Affliction of her Son's Loss, had she regarded him with the cold Indifference of a Modern *Mother*; whom I am glad, for her own Sake, not to find nam'd, in the following Letter!

S I R,

I Have the Pleasure of a very intimate Acquaintance with that unhappy young Gentleman, whose Verses to a Painter, you printed in one of your *PLAIN-DEALERS*; with the generous Remark, or two, on the Merit of the poor Gentleman, himself, and the uncommon Cruelty of his *Mother*.

' Perhaps few Things cou'd be more surprising, than a History of his Birth and Usage! — Of two Fathers, whom he might have claim'd, and *Both* of them *Noble*, he lost the *Title* of the one, and a *Provision* from the other's Pity, by the Means alone of this *Mother*! who, as if she had resolv'd, not to leave him a single Comfort, after-wards

' wards robb'd him of *Herself* too! and in direct
 ' Opposition to the Impulse of her Natural Com-
 ' passion, upon mistaken Motives of a false Deli-
 ' cacy, shut her Memory against his Wants, and
 ' cast him out to the severest Miseries; without
 ' allowing her self to contribute even such small
 ' Aid, as might at least have preserv'd him from
 ' Anguish, and pointed out some Path to his fu-
 ' ture Industry.

' But I forbear to be too Particular, on any
 ' of these Heads, because I know it wou'd give
 ' him Pain, for whose sake only I remember them:
 ' For while Nature acts so weakly, on the Hu-
 ' manity of the Parent; she seems, on the Son's
 ' side, to have doubled her usual Influence. Even
 ' the most shocking Personal Repulses, and a Se-
 ' ries of Contempt and Injuries, receiv'd at her
 ' Hands, through the whole Course of his Life,
 ' have not been able to craze, from his Heart,
 ' the Impressions of his filial Duty: Nor, which
 ' is much more strange! of his Affection. I have
 ' known him walk Three or Four Times in a
 ' dark Evening, through the Street, this *Mother*
 ' lives in, only for the Melancholy Pleasure of look-
 ' ing up, at her Windows, in Hopes to catch a
 ' Moment's Sight of her, as she might cross the
 ' Room by Candle-Light.

' His Good Qualities, which are very numerous,
 ' ought the more to be esteem'd and cherish'd, be-
 ' cause he owes them to himself only: And with-
 ' out the Advantage of Friends, Fortune, or Edu-
 ' cation, wants neither Knowledge nor Politeness,
 ' to deserve a *Mother's* Blessing, and adorn, rather
 ' than disgrace her. — I am strongly perswaded,
 ' from

from the Character, which, upon all Occasions,
 ' he has taken Pleasure to give me of the Lady's
 ' Humanity, with Regard to the Rest of the World,
 ' that nothing but her having, much too long, al-
 ' ready been a Stranger to such a Son, cou'd make
 ' her satisfied to continue so. — It is impossible, at
 ' least, that she shou'd not distinguish him, by some
 ' kind Notice; some little Mark of her returning
 ' Tenderness; if, without Regard to his Merit, she
 ' knew but his Manner of thinking of her: Which
 ' is, itself, a shining Merit! and a surprizing In-
 ' stance of Generosity! if consider'd against those
 ' Reasons, which might excuse a different Treat-
 ' ment of her.

' He writ the following Copy of Verses, and se-
 ' veral others, on the same Subject, at a Time,
 ' when I know not which was most to be wondred
 ' at; — That He shou'd be serene enough for *Po-*
 ' *etry*, under the Extremity of Ill-Fortune! — Or,
 ' That his *Subject* shou'd be the Praise of Her, to
 ' whom he ow'd a Life of Misery!

*Hopeless, abandon'd, aimless, and oppress'd;
 Lost, to Delight, and, every Way, distress'd:
 Cross his cold Bed, in wild Disorder, thrown,
 Thus, sigh'd Alexis, friendless, and alone —*

*Why do I breathe? — What Joy can Being give,
 When she, who gave me Life, forgets I live!
 Feels not these Wintry Blasts; — nor heeds my Smart:
 But shuts me from the Shelter of her Heart!
 Saw me expos'd, to Want! to Shame! to Scorn!
 To Ills! — which make it Misery, to be born!
 Cast me, regardless, on the World's bleak Wild:
 And bad me, be a Wretch, while, yet, a Child!*

*Where can He hope for Pity, Peace, or Rest,
Who moves no Softness in a Mother's Breast?
Custom, Law, Reason, All! my Cause forsake:
And Nature sleeps, to keep my Woes awake!
Crimes, which the Cruel scarce believe, can be,
The Kind are guilty of, to ruin Me!
Even she, who bore me, blasts me, with her Hate,
And, meant my Fortune, makes herself my Fate!*

*Yet has this sweet Neglecter of my Woes
The softest, tend'rest, Breast, that Pity knows!
Her Eyes shed Mercy, wheresoe'er they shine;
And her Soul melts, at Every Woe — but Mine.
Sure, then! some secret Fate, for Guilt, unwill'd,
Some Sentence, pre ordain'd to be fulfill'd!
Plung'd me, thus deep, in Sorrow's searching Flood:
And wash'd me from the Memory of her Blood.*

*But, Oh! whatever Cause has mov'd her Hate,
Let me but sigh, in Silence, at my Fate.
The God, within, perhaps, may touch her Breast;
And, when she pities, Who can be distress'd?*

‘ They who are depriv'd, by Death, of their
‘ dearest Friends and Relations, are left wretched
‘ in the Want of them; But they have this Com-
‘ fort, however, — That, before those Deaths, they
‘ were happier: — Whereas This Gentleman, on
‘ the contrary, is unhappy, by his Mother's Loss,
‘ while she is *living*, gay, and fortunate! and only
‘ *dead*, to that Affection, which other Mothers
‘ chiefly live for!

‘ If You, Mr. PLAIN-DEALER, wou'd
‘ give us a Paper, on these Heads, it might, I be-
‘ lieve, have some Effect, for the Service of a too
‘ early

‘ early Sufferer, whose Merit, and the Wrongs he
 ‘ has sustain’d, from his Parent’s Cruelty, entitle
 ‘ him to the Hope, of finding better Parents among
 ‘ Strangers ! to the open Reproach and Dishonour
 ‘ of a *Mother*, who, since she has so many fine
 ‘ Qualities, wants, perhaps, but to be touch’d in-
 ‘ to a Sense of her Mistake, to atone for it, by a
 ‘ generous Change, in her Regard for him, for the
 ‘ future. I am,

S I R,

Your most Humble Servant,

A M I N T A S.

I am sorry, that, in a Nation justly famous for Good-Nature, we have so strong an *Exception*, as may be taken from this Letter. But I will forbear, with my Correspondent’s Leave, to address any Arguments, to the *Lady* : Since, if she is not harden’d beyond Nature, the generous Sorrow, and the Sufferings, express’d in her Son’s Sentiments, will melt her Heart into Pity for him ; and move her more effectually than any Thing that can be, morally, offer’d to her.

I will turn my Advice, therefore, to the Service of those Sons and Daughters who are neglected and made unhappy, by the Aversion or Partiality of the Parent they depend on ; A Case too common in most Families ! and which stands in need of all the Comfort that can be pour’d upon their Affliction.

It is a very melancholy Circumstance when this happens, as it often does, to the finest-spirited Child in the whole Number. But it shou’d be Ground enough for Consolation, That such Sufferers owe the wrong Position they appear in, to a Weakness

in the Parent's Reason : A Kind of Deception, in their Judgment's *Sight* ! As when we see our Shadows in the Water, our Heads seem to hang downward ; and our lowest Parts are preferr'd to look, unnaturally, uppermost.

Time will, certainly, bring a Remedy to those who bear this Trial with Temperance : For Submission disarms the Rancour that would gather Strength, from Exercise, by an imprudent Opposition. None, whose Injuries are received with Mildness, and return'd by Acts of Affection, can be long without discovering and repenting their Ingratitude. Whereas, by permitting Ourselves to *revenge* the Wrongs we suffer, we furnish our Oppressors with an Appearance of Justice ; and only make them more blind, when it is our Interest that they should see clearly.

Impatience under this or any other Affliction, does but double our Mortification. How languid wou'd Life be to the largest Part of the World, if Expectation did not quicken it ? *Hope* is the sweetest of all Companions ? — If it leads us not to the Road which we are most inclined to travel in, its Conversation, however, is so entertaining and agreeable, that we can never tire in the Journey.

When a wicked Man is happy, he seems unworthy of his Happiness : But, where Virtue is unfortunate, it looks the larger for the Clouds we see it through. — There is a Courage in Adversity that can put Fortune out of Countenance. — Men are not despicable by their Fate, but by their Manner of supporting it. The Lyon has more Majesty in his Chains, than when in the Forest : His Fierceness is reduced and soften'd by the Restraint of his
Con-

Condition, and what was *terrible* in him before, becomes *venerable* by his Calamity.

But, we shou'd not only bear our Misfortunes with *Patience*; we shou'd sustain 'em too with *Silence*. — Complaints are *weak* Men's Weapons: And, there was something delicate and finely judg'd in the Conduct of a *Persian* Merchant I have read of, who finding himself on the Brink of Ruin, by a Race of Losses that beset him, gave strict Orders to his Son, That he shou'd speak of it to Nobody. For, otherwise, said he, of *One* Misfortune, we shall make *Two* — *The Loss it self which we complain of; — and our Enemy's rejoicing at it.*

But as the most perfect Pleasures in the World are always mix'd with Afflictions, so the sharpest Afflictions have their Uses and their Pleasures. — A Man's best Friend is his *Enemy*! Since, by mortifying his Vanity, he adorns his Nature with Humility; and teaches him to shun the Practice of those ill Qualities toward Others, which he finds so unjust and hateful, while He himself is oppress'd by them.

But, while I talk of Humility, I blush at my own Pride, who wou'd teach Others a Science which I am myself but a Learner in. — My Reader, in this Case, must be so good as to compare me to a Blind Man with a Torch in his Hand — Though I see not my own Way, I carry Light enough along with me, to guide the Steps of those who follow me.

Numb. LXXIII.

THE
PLAIN-DEALER.

Proprium humani ingenii odisse quos læserit. Tacit.

MAHOMET the II^d, that victorious *Turkish* Emperor, who took *Constantinople* from the Christians, had a very great Genius for Poetry, and was so warm in its Encouragement, that he is reported to have offer'd Rewards for every *Fault* that cou'd be pointed out in the Works of his *Court Poets*, and made good against the Arguments which shou'd be brought in Favour of the Defendants.

Heav'n be prais'd, that His Majesty of *Great Britain* has no such partial Opinion of the Poets of our Age and Country ! Such a Proclamation wou'd drain his Exchequer more effectually than a Ten Years *War* with the strongest Power of *Europe*.

But, I believe, we may live at Ease : The Encouragement of the Poet's Art in this present Generation, will occasion no Profuseness that can be dangerous to the Revenue. And as for our *Great Men*, They are *Patrons*, for the most Part, as They are *Doctors*, and *Masters of Art*, rather by Accident than by Purpose, and think themselves under no Obligation to *pay* for Compliments which their Conscience tells them, They have *No Right to*.

The Truth is, when any Thing so Extraordinary falls out, as, That a Man of Quality is Witty Him-

Himself, and an Encourager of Wit in Others; The Poets are so Unmerciful in their Assaults on his Liberality, that his Equals in Dignity have found much Safety and Comfort in the Fame of *Dullness*. And there never was a livelier Proof of the Soundness of that Common Maxim, that *Honesty is the best Policy*, than the Success of the fashionable Expedient (at once so frank, and so ingenious!) of returning the Dedicator's Gilt Book, with this short Apology for not accepting it — *My Lord gives his Service, and says, He does not UNDERSTAND these Matters.*

For want of some such dext'rous *Stroke of Art*, the Grandees of that *Turkish* Emperor's Court whom I nam'd at the Head of my Paper, were often reduced to a *Nonplus*. It was, particularly, the Case of *Ali-Basha*, his favourite *Treasurer*. He had learnt to *Read*, and *cast Accompts*; But *Wit* being out of his *Way*, He had one, regular, Method of rewarding All who address'd their Writings to him: He put the Book in one Scale, and dropt Gold into another, and, having *adjusted the Balance*, gave the *Weight* of the Work, as a *Gratuity*, to the Author. — The worst Effect of this General Rule was, That it was common for the *lightest Discourses* to bring with them the *heaviest Bindings*. There was nothing more *substantial* than the *Covers* of this Great Patron's Books! — But one Poet, above the rest, had contriv'd a pleasant Scheme, to make the most of his Ingenuity. He compos'd a Copy of Verses; and, instead of *Writing* them in the usual Manner, caus'd them to be *Engrav'd* on a Block of *Marble*, that was large enough for a *Tomb-stone*! — He loaded a Cart with his Compliment, and went to wait on the *Ba-*

sha with it; who, having Notice of his intended Present, sent out the Master of his Buildings, to examine the Size, and Workmanship, of the Stone, and pay for it, according to its Value—The Poet went away very much surpriz'd, and dissatisfy'd, and writ his Patron a complaint, How Contrary to His *Greatness's* Custom, His Officers had presum'd to treat him : To which the *Basha* answer'd, gravely, That it arose from a Change in His Manner;—For whereas He had, formerly, rewarded, by *WEIGHT*, He shou'd, hereafter, do it, by *MEASURE*.

We have *some*, among our Nobility, who are equally Illustrious for their *Learning*, and their *Patronage* of Learning: But they are so *Poetically persecuted*, by the Swarms of little Creatures, who have no End in Writing, but the Profit they propose to draw from it, That they meet with daily Provocations to repel the Avarice of Flattery, with a Spirit, and Sharpness, like the *Basha's*, above-mention'd. And, This, no Doubt, is one Reason for the Neglect which *Works of Genius* often meet with, when address'd to Men of Quality.

But, if Contempt is due to the *Mercenary*, The *Modest* deserve Encouragement: And They, who are truly Generous, shou'd never wait, till Occasion offers it self; but seek, and make the Opportunity. For, as the Sharpness of our *Sight* is best prov'd by the *Remoteness*, in which we distinguish Objects; so our *Judgment* appears, most strongly, when we discern Merit, where it stands at *Distance*, and invite it to approach us.

I am always pleas'd with the Prospect of Any Work, from which the *Publick* may promise Itself either Entertainment, or Instruction : And I hope,
the

No. 73. PLAIN-DEALER. xxv

the Gentleman, who has sent me the following Verses, and Letter, will have no Reason to complain of the Reception, His Design shall meet with.

The HAPPY MAN. See Pag. 107.

Mr. Plain-Dealer,

‘ THE Enclosed is *one* Copy of Verses, of a great
‘ Number, which my Friends have been kind
‘ enough to favour me with, in order to furnish
‘ out a *Collection of Miscellaneous POEMS*: Con-
‘ cerning which, you may, possibly, have met
‘ with a Proposal in the Hands of some of your
‘ Acquaintance, for their being *published, by Sub-*
‘ *scription*, in the Name of *Richard Savage*, Son
‘ of the late *Earl Rivers*.

‘ I am, Sir That unfortunate *Richard Savage*;
‘ the peculiar Circumstances of whose uncommon
‘ Treatment, from a Mother (whose fine Qualities
‘ make it impossible to me *not to forgive her*, even,
‘ while I am *miserable, by Her Means only*) induced
‘ you, some Months since, in your *Twenty-Eighth*
‘ *Paper*, to publish a few ineffectual Lines, which
‘ I had written, on Her surprizing Usage of me:
‘ To which your Humanity was pleas’d to add
‘ certain Reflections, in my Favour, which I re-
‘ member, with due Gratitude; and am encou-
‘ raged, by that Instance of your Goodness, to
‘ make the present Application.

‘ When you shall have perused my Extraor-
‘ dinary *Case*, and Those convincing *Original Let-*
‘ *ters*, which I have entrusted with the Gentleman,
‘ who brings you this, I shall need say no more,

‘ to satisfy You, What *Right* I have to *complain*,
 ‘ in a more *Publick Manner*, than I have, yet, al-
 ‘ lowed my self to resolve on. — The *Papers*, in
 ‘ the Order you will see them, are prepared for a
 ‘ Hand, too *Just*, and too *Powerful*, to leave me
 ‘ the least Distrust of being, shortly, *less oppressed*
 ‘ *than I have been*: But I judged my self obliged
 ‘ to lay them under *your Eye*, That you might be
 ‘ sensible, you said less, of my *Wrongs*, and my
 ‘ *Sufferings*, than the unhappy *Truth* cou’d have
 ‘ justified.

‘ As to the mentioned *Collection of POEMS*,
 ‘ They are, some of ’em, my own: But many more
 ‘ the Works of Eminent Hands, for the most Part,
 ‘ never before published. — The *Subscription*
 ‘ will be *Half a Guinea*: And, as I can solícite No-
 ‘ thing, with *Importunity*, in which (tho’ a *small*
 ‘ one) I have a visible *Interest*, my Subscribers will
 ‘ be only Those, who if They think They see any
 ‘ Thing, in *me*, or in my *Design*, worth their No-
 ‘ tice, or Encouragement, can have Generosity
 ‘ enough to save me the Confusion of *applying to them*,
 ‘ and send their *Names*, and the Number of Books
 ‘ they subscribe for, to *Button’s Coffee-House*, in
 ‘ *Covent-Garden*; where Receipts will be given.

‘ The *Book* is now in the Press, and will be pub-
 ‘ lished, as soon as it can be *printed off*. — If you
 ‘ find, among the *Poems*, which my Friend has de-
 ‘ sir’d he may shew you, What you think worthy of
 ‘ your Approbation; in That Case, (and in *That*
 ‘ *only*) I shall hope your favourable Interposition in
 ‘ Behalf of,

S I R,
 Your most obliged, humble Servant,
 RICHARD SAVAGE.

I have, purposely, *left out* much of This ingenious, and unhappy, Gentleman's Letter, which was very new and surprizing; and affected me with the most touching Grief. — If I apprehend His Case clearly (and the Proofs, He sent me, are too *strong*, to be easily mistaken) It is, in some Measure, to be considered, as *That of an Injured Nobleman*, — But of This, the World will judge for it self, when the Particulars shall be more publick. — *That is His own immediate Concern*, and will, I suppose, be His *own Care*: — But His *Proposal* is What *Every Body* ought to take Part in; because the Book, in it self, has a very uncommon Merit: And both *Merit*, and *Ill-Fortune*, join, to recommend the Proposer.

I think it was finely said, by a Gentleman*, whose Writings, and Humanity, were, for many Years, the Admiration of the Kingdom, — *That it ought to be the Care of All, in whose Power it lay, to lift Mr. SAVAGE above a Sense of his MOTHER's Cruelty; because a Misery, so undeserved, had intitled him to a Right of finding Every Good Man His FATHER.*

But, when, to a *Misery so undeserved*, we add a *Design, so full of Reason*, It is impossible, but there must be *Many*, who feel a noble Delight, in distinguishing their Zeal, for so modest a Proposer; and send their own Names, and Those of others, whom they can influence, as so many *Examples*, when the *List* comes to be publish'd, That we have Spirits, who can discover *Genius*, before it rises into *Noise*; and dare promote it, without *waiting* till the *Way has been led by Others*.

* Sir Richard Steele.

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N. B. Those, whose Names are mark'd with Asterisms, sent their Subscriptions to Button's Coffee-House, without any Solicitation, after the Publication of the preceding Plain-Dealer.

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A P O E M on the Recovery of
her Grace the Dutchess of
RUTLAND from the
Small-Pox.

*By Mr. SAVAGE, Son of the late
Earl RIVERS.*



LONG *Rutland's* Fair had bless'd
her Consort's Sight,
With am'rous Pride, and undi-
sturb'd Delight ;

Till Death grown envious, with repugnant Flame,
Frown'd at their Joys, and urg'd a Tyrant's Claim.

B

He

He summons each *Disease*! — the noxious Crew
 Writhing, in dire Distortions, strike his View!
 From various Plagues, which various Natures know
 Forth rushes Beauty's fear'd, and fervent Foe.
 Fierce to the Fair, the missile Mischief flies,
 The sanguine Streams in raging Ferments rise!
 It drives, Ignipotent, thro' ev'ry Vein,
 Hangs on the Heart, and burns around the Brain!
 Now a chill Damp the Charmer's Lustre dims!
 Sad o'er her Eyes, the livid Languor swims!
 Her Eyes, that with a Glance could Joy inspire,
 Like setting Stars, scarce shoot a glimm'ring Fire
 Now their pale Lights th' encroaching Fiend forbids
 Quench'd are their Beams, and clos'd th' unwilling
 Lids.

Here *Rutland* stands, with gen'rous Anguish pre
 Grief in his Eye, and Terror in his Breast.
 Th' enfeebled Graces, smit with anxious Care,
 In silent Sorrow, weep the waining Fair.



and TRANSLATIONS. 3

Eight Suns, successive, roll their Fires away,
And eight slow Nights see their deep Shades decay.
While these revolve, tho' mute each Muse appears,
Their speaking Eyes drop Eloquence in Tears.
On the ninth Noon, his Ear their *Phæbus* bends!
Now from their Chief the Voice of Prayer ascends!
"Great God of Light, of Wit, and Physick's Art,
"To the lov'd, languid Fair Relief impart!
"New Charms awake! new-warm her chearless Breast!
"His Grief alleviate, who the Muse redrest!
"There Beauty, Wit, and Virtue, claim thy Care,
"And thy own Bounty's almost rivall'd there.

She said—the God assents—Death aims t'advance!
Phæbus unseen arrests the threat'ning Lance!
Down from his Orb a vivid Radiance streams,
While Herbs impregnate with salubrious Beams;
Each wholesome Plant Encrease of Virtue knows,
And Art, inspir'd, with its God's Wisdom, glows;

At each griev'd Pore instill'd, It Hope reveals ;
Each Nerve's new-strung, each Vein new Vigour feels,
Wish'd Health absorbs the moist Disease away,
The Fair-One's Eyes, unseal'd, new Beams display.
From *Rutland*, swift recedes corroding Care :
Now Joy returns to chace away Despair !
Each Grace revives, each Muse resumes the Lyre,
Each Beauty brightens with re-kindled Fire.
As Health's assembled Charms a Bloom display,
Death, fullen at the Sight, stalks flow away.



Three COPIES of VERSES,
to Mrs. *HOWARD*, Maid
of Honour to Her ROYAL
HIGHNESS. Sent as from an
unknown Hand.

By *AARON HILL*, Esq;

The SUN-FLOWER.

Copy the First.

I.

A Week's long Absence had *Liberia* kept,
From those blest'd Walks, which us'd her
Feet to kifs;

Returning, she, to view the Garden, stept;
The Garden, which was half *Liberia's* Blifs!

6 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

II.

There, while descending, 'twixt the Terras'd Walls,
She saw a *Sun-Flower* hang its wither'd Head;
To *Philip*, loud, the wond'ring Charmer calls,
Tell me, ah me! *How came this Sun-Flower dead?*

III.

Madam, 'tis strange, the pensive Servant cry'd,
Still for these ten Days past, it hourly pin'd!
Fresh *Earths* and *Wat'rings* have in vain been try'd;
I fear 'twas *blasted* by some hurtful Wind!

IV.

Alas! poor faded *Sun-Flower*! answer'd she,
And her fair Fingers to the Stalk directs;
Strait, from behind the Leaves, out flies a *Bee*,
And, humming round her, *buzz'd* its *due Respects*.

V.

V.

Bright Maid, it said, disdain not, tho' I'm *small*,
To be instructed in your Doubts by *me* ;
That *old Wasp*, CUPID, whom a *God* you call,
Is *wing'd*, and *sting'd*, and *little*, like a *Bee*.

VI.

Your Pity seeks the mournful Cause to know,
Why this departed Flower thus hangs its Head;
Since *Philip* can't —oh! give me Leave to show,
The unguess'd Accident by which it's dead.

VII.

Some ten Days since, when dancing from yon Door,
On this ill-fated Spot, you fix'd your Foot;
This ugly Flow'r, you cry'd, *I can't endure!*
And strait cold *Grief* shot, tingling, to its Root.

8 *Miscellaneous* POEMS

VIII.

Since *then* — each hapless Hour, in swift Decay,
Has, more and more, consum'd the with'ring Stalk;
And I, alas! must now be driven away!
To seek Chance-Honey in some less-lov'd Walk!

IX.

But, let me, fair Destroyer! e'er I go,
One gentle Caution to your Beauty give!
Since, what you *disapprove*, must perish so,
Ah! watch your Words! and let your *Lovers live!*

The

The DISCOVERY.

Copy the Second.

I.

THIS comes to let *Liberia* know,
That *Beauty's* so much Heaven's Care,
That all *Fine Women* say or do,
Is mark'd and treasur'd in the Air!

II.

Hence, I, a Stranger to your Sight,
Whose *Hand*, perhaps, you may not know;
Learn all you do, by Day or Night,
As, *by these Presents*, I shall show.

III.

10 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

III.

Your Mem'ry cannot but retain
Some Hint of *Pope's* presumptuous Muse ;
Who made, by *Ladies Secrets*, vain,
Did once a *Tell-Tale Subject* chuse.

IV.

Have you not read him, where he prates,
Of *Arabella's* ravish'd *Hair* ?
And Stories of those *Sylphs* relates,
Whose Task it is to *guard* the *Fair* ?

V.

I am That happy *Sylph*, assign'd,
To skreen *Liberia's* Breast from Harms ;
To flutter round her, in the Wind,
And feast my Fancy with her Charms.

VI.

VI.

I have you always in my View ;
And t'other Day employ'd my Wit,
With nameless Lines to puzzle you,
On the *Grief-wither'd Sun-Flower* writ.

VII.

I, at this Time, in Ambush, plac'd,
Snug, under *Mopsy's* Left-Ear lay,
And laugh'd to hear how wrong you guess'd,
Who thought they came *another Way!*

VIII.

'Twas I, your faithful *Sylph*, 'twas I !
That, ever studious of your Ease,
My Skill in *Verse* resolv'd to try,
In *Verse*, which most the *Fair* can *please!*

IX.

IX.

Perhaps, 'twill *startle* you, to hear,
How I your Actions hourly *watch*;
That, tho' you *see* me *not*, I'm *near*,
And fly each *struggling Sigh* to catch.

X.

Sometimes, in *this* Shape, sometimes *That*,
My various Duties I perform;
Sometimes a-stride your *rambling Cat*,
I ride in *Furr*, and shade my Form.

XI.

But, when your stroking Hand, I feel,
From the soft Back, I leap, with Joy;
My Fairy Fabrick still conceal;
But *Pusse's* active *Paws* employ,
And, sportful, with your snowy Fingers toy.

XII.

XII.

Oft, as you fit, to sip your Tea,
In a *Fly's* Shape, your Charms to search,
Seeking some Place, where, best to *see*,
I, on the Lumps of Sugar, perch.

XIII.

There, while, one Day, divinely pleas'd,
I gaz'd, in Raptures, on your Face ;
Your Sugar-Tongs the *Captain* seiz'd,
And me, betwixt two Lumps, he squeez'd;
Half dead upon the Place.

XIV.

But I was *even* with him soon,
For catching him, all gay,
At the Park Door, * one Afternoon,
With Hands, too full of Play :

* *The Lady liv'd then in St. James's Park.*

14 *Miscellaneous* POEMS

I took the Figure of a Gnat,
And, 'midst his am'rous Strains,
Whisk'd, from your Bosom, where I sat,
And stung his Fingers, for his Pains.

XV.

But, oh ! I tremble to relate,
How, by your smile-dress'd Looks, *bewitch'd*,
I, lately, 'scap'd a far worse Fate,
While you, with Colours sweetly mix'd,
At Work, in yon cool Arbour, fix'd,
Your *silky Mazes* stitch'd.

XVI.

There I, again, a luckless Fly,
Not dreaming any Danger near,
Bask'd in the Sun-Beams of your Eye,
My little aching Heart to cheer !

XVII.

XVII.

When, on a sudden, thro' and thro',
Your piercing Needle careless past,
And the dragg'd Silk, swift following too,
Bound down my *Tiny Body* fast

XVIII.

There, had I staid, transfix'd, till now,
Nor mis'd, nor mourn'd, perhaps, by you!
But that the Stitch, the Lord knows how,
You lik'd not, and, thank Heaven! withdrew!

XIX.

Near you, your Sister *Celia* stood,
Celia, that sweet, and smiling Maid!
When Two, *Park*-wandering Fops were rude,
And you, Two Charmers, both afraid,
Rush'd in, and fled, dismay'd!

XX.

16 *Miscellaneous* POEMS

XX.

I then, fair Charge! unknown to you,
By Love, and vow'd Revenge, inspir'd;
Did, like a *Wasp*, the Fools pursue,
And their loose Tongues with Venom fir'd.

XXI.

Now learn, said I, when next you see,
Yon lovely Pair adorn their Gate,
How sacred, *modest Charms* shou'd be!
And what, the bold *Prophaner's* Fate!

XXII.

Thus, all Day long, is *Seraphil*,
Liberia's wakeful *Sylph*, employ'd!
So rich a Charge claims tenfold Skill;
And Care, so charm'd, is Pain enjoy'd.

XXIII.

XXIII.

But when, at Night, the happy Bed,
Receives her snowy Limbs to Rest ;
I, Sleep's soft Mist, around her spread,
Then stretch me, blissful, on her Breast.

XXIV.

There, till the full-grown Morning smiles,
In downy Heavings, lost, I lie ;
Or, wander o'er those Charms, 'twixt whiles,
For which a Thousand Lovers die !

XXV.

At last, unwillingly, I rise,
And seizing fast her rubied Lip,
In a sharp biting *Flea's* Disguise,
I, from her Breath, the Nectar sip.

XXVI.

And then, *Liberia*, starting, cries,

Duce take this ugly sharp-mouth'd *Flea*! —

But, now I'm *wak'd*, I think, I'll *rise*;

So dresses — and *ne'er dreams of me*!

XXVII.

Thus, have I honestly, at last, confess'd,

What *little, scribbling Thing* I'm doom'd to be:

Lest, growing curious, you might *wrong* have guess'd

And thought some *other* sent, what came from *me*.

To LIBERIA, *with a Squirrel.*

Copy the Third.

THese my *last Lines* ! I write with bleeding
Heart !

For, oh ! *Liberia* and her *Silph* must *part* !
I must no more engross that envied Care,
Which *Angels*, now, in Crowds have *begg'd* to *share* !
Now, I no more must flutter, in your Sight,
And, from your Eye-beams, gild my Wings with
Light !

No more in Fields of Air, when *Silphs* rejoice,
Dance to the soft-tun'd Musick of your Voice !
Listen no more, while in the *Mall* you walk,
What the admiring Crowds, that *meet* you, *talk*.

20 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

On your right Shoulder's Tip, no more, shall blaze,
Bright with the Flash of Eyes, which, passing, gaze!
And when sometimes you're *sad*, no more shall I,
See *myself* weep, by peeping in *your* Eye!

These Comforts past! and mention'd, now, in vain,
Serve but to make Remembrance *ake*, with Pain!
Little, alas! I thought, when last I writ,
That I, so soon, my boasted Charge must *quit*!
Ariel, great Prince, whom All we *Silphs* obey,
Wretch that I am! had order'd *me away*!
Far off, to *Eastern Shores*, I was to go,
Where the proud *Turk* keeps *Love*, and *Woman* low!

Where full five hundred *Rival Beauties* strive,
To keep *one* Lover's *lazy Flame* alive;
Where Female Charms are taught the humble Skill,
To court the *Fancy*, and not *bow* the *Will*;
To this new Post, preferr'd, I was to fly,
And pass, before th' imperious *Sultan's* Eye;

There,

and TRANSLATIONS. 21

There, in the glitt'ring Palace, dress'd, in State,
On some new *Favourite Sultaneſs* to wait!

But, ah! *Liberia*, by thy Sweetneſs, *won*!
Thy doating *Silph* was doom'd to be undone!
Theſe proffer'd Honours had no *Charm* for me,
I cou'd not *taste* a Joy, *remote* from *Thee*!
This, when I told our Prince, he lightly weigh'd
My Grief's juſt Cauſe, and thought, I *diſobey'd*;
Swift, he o'ertook me with an angry *Vow*,
And *chang'd* me to the *Shape*, I come in, now!

Scarce had I Time to *write* my wretched Fate,
And begg'd a *Friend* to bring me to your Gate.
Helpleſs, and *dumb*, ah! whither ſhould I go,
But to her Breast, whoſe pitying Soul I *know*?
She, who to *Puſſe*, and *Mopſy*, kind can be,
Will ſure, thought I, have ſome Concern for me!
Weak tho' I am, ſome *Gratitude* is due!
I claim *Your* Care, for my *paſt* Care of *You*!

22 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Elsewhere, I will not my new Wants supply ;
And when you starve me, 'twill be Time to die !
I may, hereafter, some small Service do,
For yet my Body's weak, my Form but new ;
If you but please, to help me thro' my Youth,
And with soft Bisket, now preserve my Tooth,
Grateful, when I grow up, I'll keep yours strong,
And crack Nuts for you, all the glad Day long !
If, kind, you bless me with your own sweet Care,
And shield me from the pinching Wintry Air ;
Close, round your Neck, like a warm Tippet roll'd,
In frosty Nights, I'll guard you from the Cold !
And while, in your soft Hand, you let me play,
I'll growl the Captain's Rivals all away !
Refuse not, then, tho' chang'd, to keep me still !
And, oh! remember, PUG was SERAPHIL !

The Motto, on PUG's Collar.

I Am no common, *Earth-born Pug*,
My Name is *SERAPHIL*;
Once, I was fair *LIBERIA's Silph*,
And am her *Servant*, still.

A S O N G.

By WILLIAM POPPLE, *Gent.*

Cupid, and *Venus* jointly strove
To warm *Amintor's* Heart,
And give him all the Joys of Love,
Unmix'd with any Smart.

II.

Venus advis'd, from ev'ry Fair,
To steal the sweetest Grace;
No, no, says *Cupid*, ease your Care,
They meet in *Mordaunt's* Face.

The LOVER'S COMPLAINT,
from Ariosto.

By AARON HILL, *Esq;*

IF on the tow'ring *Alps* amazing Height,
 Whose horrid Tops our climbing Eyes affright!
 If there, my *Silvia*, thou had'st chanc'd to be,
 The piny Product of some *teming Tree*,
 Untouch'd by humane *Pity*, might'st thou grow,
 And, never *bending*, but when *Tempests* blow;
 Nod, *sullen*, o'er the Vales, that *weep* below;
 Even *Pines* and *Oaks* can bow to *Winds*; and be
 As flexible, as *Silvia's Heart* to *me*!
 The cold, rough *Ocean*, whose insatiate Waves
 Flow, to *devour*; whose very *Smiles*, are *Graves*!

Of

Of all its *monstrous Forms*, has none, so *cold*,
Nor does *one Rock*, in its vast Bosom, hold,
That, had it *Sense*, such *Cruelty* would show,
To *triumph* in the shipwreck'd Sailor's *Woe*.
Nothing in Nature does so *fix'd* remain,
But circling *Fire* can gradual Entrance gain,
And all, but *Thee*, once *lov'd*, will *love again*.



To

*To Mr. JOHN DYER, a Painter,
advising him to draw a certain
Noble and Illustrious Person,
occasioned by seeing his Picture of
the Celebrated CLIO.*

*By Mr. SAVAGE, Son of the late
Earl RIVERS.*

Forgive an artless, an officious Friend,
Weak, when I judge, but willing to commend;
Fall'n as I am, by no kind Fortune rais'd,
Depress'd, obscur'd, unpitied, and unprais'd;
Yet, when these well-known Features I peruse,
Some Warmth awakes, — Some Embers of a Muse.

Ye Muses, Graces, and ye Loves appear!
 Your Queen, your *Venus*, and your *Clio's* here!
 In such pure Fires her rising Thoughts refine!
 Her Eyes with such commanding Sweetness shine:
 Such vivid Tinctures sure through *Æther* glow,
 Stain Summer Clouds, or gild the Watry Bow:
 If Life *Pigmalion's* Iv'ry Fav'rite fir'd,
 Sure some enamour'd God this Draught inspir'd!
 Or, if you rashly caught *Promethean* Flame,
 Shade the sweet Theft, and mar the beauteous Frame!
 Yet if those chearing Lights the Prospect fly,
 Ah! — Let no pleasing View the Loss supply.
 Some dreary Den, some desert Waste prepare,
 Wild as my Thoughts, or dark as my Despair.

But still, my Friend, still the sweet Object stays,
 Still stream your Colours rich with *Clio's* Rays!
 Sure at each kindling Touch your Canvass glows!
 Sure the full Form, instinct with Spirit, grows!

Let

28 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Let the dull Artift puzzling Rules explore,
Dwell on the Face, and gaze the Features o'er;
You eye the Soul — there genuine Nature find,
You, thro' the Meaning Muscles, strike the Mind.

Nor can one View fuch boundlefs Pow'r confine,
All Nature opens to an Art like thine !
Now rural Scenes in fimple Grandeur rife !
Vales, Hills, Lawns, Lakes, and Vineyards feaft our
Eyes !

Now *Halcyon* Peace a fmiling Aspect wears !
Now the Red Scene with War and Ruin glares !
Here *Britain's* Fleets o'er *Europe's* Seas prefide !
There long-loft Cities rear their ancient Pride !
You from the Grave can half redeem the Slain,
And bid great *Julius* charm the World again :
Mark out *Pharfalia's*, mark out *Munda's* Fray,
And image all the Honours of the Day.

But

But if new Glories most our Warmth excite;
 If Toils untry'd to noblest Aims invite;
 Would you in envied Pomp unrivall'd reign,
 Oh, let *Horatius* grace the Canvass Plain!
 His Form might ev'n Idolatry create,
 In Lineage, Titles, Wealth, and Worth elate!
 Empires to him might Virgin Honours owe,
 From him Arts, Arms and Laws new Influence know.
 For him kind Suns on Fruits and Grains shall shine,
 And future Gold lie rip'ning in the Mine:
 For him fine Marble in the Quarry lies,
 Which, in due Statues, to his Fame shall rise.
 Thro' those bright Features *Cæsar's* Spirit trace,
 Each conq'ring Sweetness, each Imperial Grace,
 All that is soft, or eminently great,
 In Love, in War, in Knowledge, or in State.

Thus shall your Colours, like his Worth amaze!
 Thus shall you charm, enrich'd with *Clio's* Praise!

Clear,

30 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Clear, and more clear, your Golden Genius shines;
While my dim Lamp of Life obscure declines :
Dull'd in damp Shades it wastes, unseen, away,
While yours, triumphant, grows one Blaze of Day.



The

*The Hundred and Fourth PSALM,
Paraphrased.*

By AARON HILL, *Esq;*

I.

NOW, while my Heav'n-tun'd Harp is rightly
strung,

Soar my wing'd Soul, and let thy God be sung.

Cloath'd with embodied Light, he reigns sublime;

And grasps Eternity! and governs Time!

From his fear'd Wrath, the Sun's fierce Blaze retires;

And dark Convulsions shake his sick'ning Fires.

Conscious of Beams, which dazzle Nature's Eye,

And which, but once, to view, were then to die;

Kindly,

32 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Kindly, th' unequal Sight of Man to skreen,
 God, like a Curtain, drew out Heav'n between.
 Dreadfully known, in awful Fires he glides ;
 Or veil'd, in Clouds, his self-roll'd Chariots, rides !
 He walks upon the Wings, which guide the Wind ;
 Steps beyond Worlds, and leaves ev'n Thought behind.

II.

Myriads of Angels his Commands fulfil ;
 Angels ! the Heralds of Almighty Will !
 Light'nings, in Millions, sweep his fiery Way ;
 And round his Paths in blue *Meanders* play !
 The firm-fix'd Ballance of the pendant Globe,
 To neither Bias partial sway'd,
 Poiz'd, at his Word, has from Time's Birth obey'd.

III.

The cov'ring Deep drew off the World's wet Robe,
 Gave back, and fill'd the Channels he had made :

But,

But, (tow'ring as the Hills!) reluctant, staid;
Displeas'd with its new Bounds,—and yet afraid,
It's old to re-invade!

The stubborn, and disdainful Flood,—no more,
High-licens'd, as before,

Of with bold Vengeance would devour the Shore:
But when the Rebel Surges swell too high,
And sprinkle Heav'n's eternal Eye;

Sudden, the watchful Prohibitions rise;
The starting Flood hears!—shakes!—and flies!

Down sink her watry Mountains from the Sky,
And hush'd, in humble Flatness lie!

Yet, at the Sov'reign Will, they quit their Beds,
And climb above the Mountains loftiest Heads!
Thence, call'd; again rush down at God's Controul,
And, o'er broad Kingdoms, in wild Tempest roll!
Loose, as they are, they feel th'Almighty's Check:
They know th'appointed Bounds, and watch th'im-
perious Beck!

IV.

To Life's cold Treasury; the briny Deep,
Thro' earth-form'd Lab'rins thes taught to slide,
Fruitful of Springs, the winding Currents creep;
Thence, trickling, into Rivulets they glide:
Slow-travelling, they trace their mazy Way,
And, 'twixt th' enamour'd Hills, delightful stray:
Sweet and exhaustless Stores of limpid Drink,
For each wild Thirst, that seeks the smiling Brink!

And in the Groves, that bord'ring rise,
Sit hous'd, the warbling Songsters of the Skies.
But the proud Mountains, which ambitious grow,
Nor will to humble Vales Refreshment owe,
Sip the moist Clouds, and cool their Heads in Snow.

V.

Amazing Goodness!—Where's the smallest Space,
That does not feel his pow'rful Grace?

The Herds, luxuriant, crop the flow'ry Mead;
Fruit was for Man's superior Taste decreed:
For him, th' inspiring Grape was taught to bleed.
Bread-bearing Corn supports the Lab'rer's Toil,
And his rough Skin relents with soft'ning Oil.

VI.

Call'd, at fix'd Times, up rolls the changeful Moon,
And shoots her shad'wy Gleam thro' Night's black
Noon!

Swift, tho' the Light, from its high Source, descends,
It dares not dart its Way one Thought too
soon;

Yet, at God's Word, the Flag of Day is furl'd,
And licens'd Darkness rises o'er the World!

Then does the gloomy Forest shake;
And summon'd *Savages* their Sallies make:
The panting Herds creep, terrify'd, away;
While the stern *Lion*, hungry, roars for Prey!

36 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

God suffers him his meant Support to take,
And then *new-wakes* the *Day*.

VII.

The *Sea's* wild Herds, as well as those, of *Land*,
Rough molded *Sons*, too, of *thy* formful Hand!

All *live*, and *move*, by thy Command.

That horrid Scene fatigues the aking Eye!

There canvass'd Ships the op'ning Depths defy;

There does *Leviathan* wide-wallowing, lie!

And, while his Sports the finny Nations fly,

Th' unwieldy Monster sucks in Seas; and spouts
'em at the Sky.

On Thee, great Maker! all thy Creatures wait;

And, in due Season, all by Thee are fed:

Thy all-deciding Pleasure is their Fate!

They seek, but what thy op'ning Hand has spread.

Soon, as thou hid'st thy Face, we fall away

To *unform'd* Dust, and old *paternal* Clay.

VIII.

VIII.

Time shall have End ; but God shall still endure !
The self-rais'd Pillars of thy Pow'r stand sure !
The Mountain-Tops would *smoke*, if *touch'd* by Thee !
And *Earth* flow, liquid, and o'erwhelm the Sea.



The G E N T L E M A N .

Address'd to John Joliffe, Esq;

*By Mr. SAVAGE, Son of the late
Earl R I V E R S.*

A Decent Mien, an Elegance of Dress,
Words, which, at Ease, each winning Grace
express ;

A Life, where Love, by Wisdom polish'd, shines,
Where Wisdom's self again, by Love, refines ;

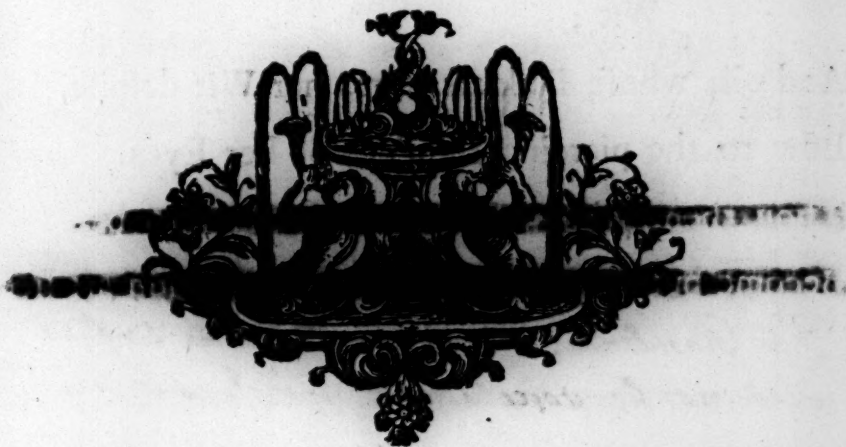
A Mind, where Pity, Mirth, and Friendship reign ;

A Nature ever great, and never vain :

A Wit, that no licentious Pertness knows ;

The Sense, that unassuming Candour shows ;

A Love of Learning, Knowledge of Mankind,
Meekness, unservile, and a Taste refin'd;
Unwilling censure; yet a Judgment clear,
A Smile indulgent, and a Soul sincere:
If These, Esteem and Admiration, raise;
If where These live, they form a living Praise;
In one bright View, th' accomplish'd Man we see;
These Virtues all are Thine, and thou art He.



On ROSALINDA.

By WILLIAM POPPLE, *Esq;*

TO *Rosalinda's* Eyes, who not submit,
Fall the proud Victims of her conqu'ring
Wit ;

And all, whose Dulness dares her Wit despise,
Bow to the piercing Influ'nce of her Eyes.

~~From Rosalinda's power, wouldst thou be free?
Seek not her voice to hear, her Eyes to see.~~

EPI.

EPITAPH on a LADY who
lov'd Talking.

By AARON HILL, *Esq;*

HOW apt are Men to lye? How dare they
say,

When Life is lost, all Learning fleets away?

Since this glad Grave holds *Chloe*, fair and young,

Who, where she is, first learnt to *hold her Tongue.*



Mart.

*Mart. Epig. 59. Lib. 7. Ad
Jovem Capitolinum.*

By the Same.

Great *Capitolian Jove!* — Thou God, to
whom,

Our *Cæsar* owes that Bliss he sheds on *Rome!*
While prostrate Crowds thy daily Bounty tire,
And all thy Blessings for themselves desire;
Accuse me not of Pride, that I alone
Put up no Prayer, that may be call'd *my own!*
For *Cæsar's* Wants, Oh *Jove!* I sue to thee!
Cæsar, himself, can grant what's fit for *me.*

In Pompeios, &c. ---- from Mart.

By the same.

Great *Pompey's* Ashes in vile *Egypt* lie,
His Sons in *Europe* and in *Asia* die.
What Wonder that these Three so distant died?
So vast a Ruin cou'd not spread less wide.



The

The ENQUIRY.

By Mr. JOHN DYER, of Car-
marthenshire.

YE poor little Sheep, ah well may ye stray,
While sad is your Shepherd, and *Clio* away!
Tell where have you been, have you met with my
Love,
On the Mountain, or Valley, or Meadow, or Grove?
Alas-aday, No — Ye are starv'd and half dead,
Ye saw not my Love, or ye all had been fed.

Oh, Sun, did you see her? — Ay surely you did:
Mong what Willows, or Woodbines, or Reeds, is
she hid?

Ye

Ye tall, whistling Pines, that on yonder Hill grow,
And o'erlook the beautiful Valley below,
Did you see her a roving in Wood or in Brake ?
Or bathing her fair Limbs in some silent Lake ?

Ye Mountains, that look on the vigorous East,
And the North, and the South, and the wearisome
West,

Pray tell where she hides her, you surely do know,
And let not her Lover pine after her so.

Oh, had I the Wings of an Eagle, I'd fly,
Along with bright *Phæbus* all over the Sky.
Like an Eagle, look down, with my Wings wide
display'd,
And dart in my Eyes at each whisp'ring Shade :
I'd search ev'ry Tuft in my diligent Tour,
I'd unravel the Woodbines, and look in each Bow'r,
Till I found out my *Clio*, and ended my Pain,
And made my self quiet, and happy again.

A S O N G.

By WILLIAM POPPLE, *Esq;*

I.

WHY shou'd those Eyes, *Florella*, wear
A chilling Scorn to me ;
Yet ardent gaze on one, who ne'er
Yet felt a Sigh for thee ?

II.

Or why, if you are not decreed,
To ease Another's Pain,
Am I not of my Passion freed ?
Or you of your Disdain ?

III.

Forbear, fond Youth, *Florella* said,
And blame not me, but Fate,
You're doom'd, alas! by her betray'd,
To Love, and I to hate.

*A Lock of SYLVIA's Hair in
Brown Paper.*

By AARON HILL, Esq;

LET it not move thy Wonder that I place
So rich a Treasure in so poor a Case.
That Sun-bless'd Land, where the proud Diamond
grows,
All Wealth at Heart a barren Surface shews ;
So conscious Virtue, satisfied within,
Disdains to wear the Prize she loves to win.

The

The Country Walk.

By Mr. JOHN DYER, of Carmarthenshire.

THE Morning's fair, the lusty Sun,
With ruddy Cheek begins to run;
And early Birds, that wing the Skies,
Sweetly sing to see him rise.

I am resolv'd, this charming Day,
In the open Field to stray,
And have no Roof above my Head,
But that whereon the Gods do tread.
Before the yellow Barn I see
A beautiful Variety

Of strutting Cocks, advancing stout,
And flirting empty Chaff about.
Hens, Ducks, and Geese, and all their Brood,
And Turkeys gobling for their Food;
While Rusticks thrash the wealthy Floor,
And tempt all to crowd the Door.

What a fair Face does Nature show ?

Augusta, wipe thy dusty Brow ;
A Landskip wide salutes my Sight,
Of shady Vales, and Mountains bright ;
And azure Heavens I behold,
And Clouds of Silver and of Gold.
And now into the Fields I go,
Where Thousand flaming Flowers glow ;
And ev'ry neighb'ring Hedge I greet,
With Honey-suckles smelling sweet.
Now o'er the daisy Meads I stray,
And meet with, as I pace my way,

E

Sweetly

Sweetly shining on the Eye,
A Riv'let gliding smoothly by ;
Which shews with what an easy Tide
The Moments of the happy glide.
Here, finding Pleasure after Pain,
Sleeping I see a wearied Swain,
While his full Scrip lies open by,
That does his healthy Food supply.

Happy Swain, sure happier far
Than lofty Kings and Princes are !
Enjoy sweet Sleep, which shuns the Crown,
With all its easy Beds of Down.

The Sun now shows his Noon-tide Blaze,
And sheds around me burning Rays.
A little onward, and I go
Into the Shade that Groves bestow ;
And on green Moss I lay me down,
That o'er the Root of Oak has grown ;

Where

Where all is silent, but some Flood,
That sweetly murmurs in the Wood;
But Birds that warble in the Sprays,
And charm ev'n *Silence* with their Lays.

Oh pow'rful *Silence*, how you reign
In the Poets busy Brain!
His num'rous Thoughts obey the Calls
Of the tuneful Water-falls.
Like Moles, whene'er the Coast is clear,
They rise before thee without Fear,
And range in Parties here and there.

}

Some wildly to *Parnassus* wing,
And view the fair *Castalian* Spring;
Where they behold a lonely Well,
Where now no tuneful Muses dwell;
But now and then a slavish Hind
Paddling the troubled Pool they find.

Some trace the pleasing Paths of Joy,
Others the blissful Scene destroy ;
In thorny Tracks of Sorrow stray,
And pine for *Clio* far away.
But stay — Methinks her Lays I hear,
So smooth ! so sweet ! so deep ! so clear !
No, 'tis not her Voice I find,
Tis but the *Eccho* stays behind.

Some meditate ambitious Brow,
And the black Gulph that gapes below :
Some peep in Courts, and there they see
The sneaking Tribe of Flattery.
But, striking to the Ear and Eye,
A nimble Deer comes bounding by !
When rushing from yon rustling Spray,
It made 'em vanish all away.

I rouse

I rouse me up, and on I rove,
'Tis more than time to leave the Grove.
The Sun declines, the Evening Breeze
Begins to whisper thro' the Trees ;
And as I leave the Sylvan Gloom,
As to the Glare of Day I come,
An old Man's smoky Nest I see,
Leaning on an aged Tree ;
Whose willow Walls and furzy Brow
A little Garden sway below.
Thro' spreading Beds of blooming Green,
Matted with Herbage sweet, and clean,
A Vein of Water limps along,
And makes 'em ever green, and young.
Here he puffs upon his Spade,
And digs up Cabbage in the Shade :
His tatter'd Rags are sable brown,
His Beard and Hair are hoary grown ;
The dying Sap descends apace,
And leaves a wither'd Hand and Face.

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Up * *Grongar Hill* I labour now,
 And catch at last his Bushy Brow.
 Oh how fresh, how pure the Air !
 Let me breathe a little here.
 Where am I, Nature ? I descry
 Thy Magazine before me lie !
 Temples ! — and Towns ! — and Tow'rs ! — and
 Woods !
 And Hills ! — and Vales ! — and Fields ! — and
 Floods !
 Crowding before me, edg'd around
 With naked Wilds, and barren Ground.

See below the pleasant Dome,
 The Poet's Pride, the Poet's Home,
 Which the Sun-Beams shine upon,
 To the Even, from the Dawn.

* *A Hill in South Wales.*

See her Woods where *Eccho* talks,
Her Gardens trim, her Terras Walks,
Her Wilderneſſes, fragrant Brakes,
Her gloomy Bowers, and ſhining Lakes.
Keep, ye Gods, this humble Seat,
For ever pleaſant, private, neat.

See yonder Hill, upriſing ſteep,
Above the River flow and deep :
It looks from hence a Pyramid,
Beneath a verdant Foreſt hid ;
On whoſe high Top there riſes great,
The mighty Remnant of a Seat,
An old green Tow'r, whoſe batter'd Brow
Frowns upon the Vale below.

Look upon that flow'ry Plain,
How the Sheep ſurround their Swain,
How they crowd to hear his Strain !

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All careless, with his Legs across,
Leaning on a Bank of Moss,
He spends his empty Hours at play,
Which fly as light as Down away.

And there behold a bloomy Mead,
A Silver Stream, a Willow Shade,
Beneath the Shade a *Fisher* stand,
Who, with the Angle in his Hand,
Swings the nibling Fry to Land.

In Blushes the descending Sun,
Kisses the Streams, while slow they run;
And yonder Hill remoter grows,
Or dusky Clouds do interpose.
The Fields are left, the lab'ring Hind
His weary Oxen does unbind;
And vocal Mountains, as they low,
Re-eccho to the Vales below.

The

The jocund Shepherds piping come,
And drive the Herd before 'em home ;
And now begin to light their Fires,
Which send up Smoke in curling Spires !
While, with light Hearts, All homeward tend,
To * *Abergasney* I descend.

But, Oh ! how blest'd wou'd be the Day,
Did I with *Clio* pace my way,
And not alone, and solitary stray.

* *The Name of a Seat belonging to the Author's Brother.*



To

*To the Author of the foregoing Verses,
a PAINTER, on his attempting
a LADY's Picture.*

By AARON HILL, Esq;

Soul of your honour'd Art! — What Man can
do,

In copying Nature, may be reach'd by you.

Your peopling Pencil a new World can give,

And, like *Deucalion*, teach the Stones to live.

From your creating Hand a War may flow,

And your warm Strokes with breathing Action glow.

But from that Angel-Form to catch the Grace,
And kindle up your Canvass with her Face!

AN

All unconsum'd, to snatch the living Fire,
And limn th' Ideas that those Eyes inspire;
Strong to your burning Circle, to confine
That awe mix'd Sweetness, and that Air Divine!
That sparkling Soul, that lightens from within,
And flashes unspoke Meanings, thro' her Skin.

This if you can — (Hard Task! and yet unprov'd)
Then shall you be ador'd, as now belov'd.
Then shall your Heav'n-aspiring Colours find
The Art to picture Thought, and paint the Wind!
To transfuse Qualities — lame Sense supply,
And strike caught Whispers to the list'ning Eye!
Then shall you give Air Shape, imprison Space,
And mount the Painter to the Maker's Place.



GRONGAR HILL.

By Mr. JOHN DYER, of Car-
marthenshire.

I.

F^{*Ancy*} ! Nymph, that loves to lye
On the lonely Eminence ;
Darting Notice thro' the Eye,
Forming Thought, and feasting Sense :
Thou ! that must lend Imagination Wings,
And stamp Distinction, on all worldly Things !
Come, and with thy various *Hues*,
Paint and adorn thy *Sister Muse*.
Now, while the Sun's hot Coursers, bounding high;
Shake Lustre on the Earth, and burn, along the Sky.

II.

More than *Olympus* animates my Lays,
 Aid me, o'erlabour'd, in its wide surveys;
 And crown its Summit with immortal Praise:
 Thou, awful *Grongar*! in whose mossy Cells,
 Sweetly-musing *Quiet* dwells:

}

Thou! deep, beneath whose shado'wy Side,
 Oft, my sick Mind serene Refreshment took,
 Near the cool winding of some bubbling Brook:
 There have I, pensive, press'd the grassy Bed,
 And, while my bending Arm sustain'd my Head,
 Stray'd my charm'd Eyes o'er *Towy*'s wand'ring Tide,
 Swift as a Start of Thought, from Wood to Mead,
 Glancing, from dark to bright, from Vale to Hill,
 Till tir'd Reflection had no *Void* to fill.

III.

Widening, beneath the Mountain's bushy Brow,
 Th' unbounded Landskip softens off below;

No

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No skreeny Vapours intervene ;
 But the gay, the splendid Scene,
 Does Nature's smiling Face all *open* show,
 In the mix'd Glowings of the tinctur'd *Bow*.
 And, gently changing, into soft and light,
 Expands immensely wide, and leads the *journeying*
 Sight.

IV.

White, on the rugged Cliffs, Old *Castles* rise,
 And shelter'd Villages lie warm and low,
 Close by the Streams that at their *Bases* flow.
 Each watry Face bears pictur'd Woods, and Skies,
 Where, as the Surface curls, when Breezes rise,
 Faint fairy Earthquakes tremble to the Eyes,
 Up thro' the Forest's Gloom, distinguish'd, bright,
 Tops of high Buildings catch the Light :
 The quick'ning Sun a show'ry Radiance sheds,
 And lights up all the Mountain's russet Heads.
 Gilds the fair Fleeces of the distant Flocks ;
 And, glittering, plays betwixt the broken Rocks.

Light

Light, as the Lustre of the rising Dawn,
Spreads the gay Carpet of yon level Lawn :
Till a steep Hill starts horrid, wild, and high,
Whose Form uncommon holds the wond'ring Eye ;
Deep is its Base, in *Towy's* bord'ring Flood,
Its bristly Sides are shagg'd with sullen Wood :
Towers, ancient as the Mountain, crown its Brow,
Aweful in Ruin, to the Plains below.
Thick round the ragged Walls pale Ivy creeps,
Whose circling Arms the nodding Fabrick keeps ;
While both combine to check th' insulting Wind,
As Friends, in Danger, mutual Comfort find.

V.

Once a proud Palace, This, — a Seat of Kings !
Alas ! th' o'erturning Sweep of Time's broad Wings !

Now, 'tis the Raven's bleak Abode,
And shells, in marbly Damps, the inbred Toad.
There the safe Fox, unfearing Huntsmen, feeds ;
And climbs o'er Heaps of Stone to pendant Weeds.

The

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The Prince's Tenure in his Roofs of Gold,
 Ends like the Peasant's homelier Hold ;
 Life's but a Road, and he who travels right,
 Treats Fortune as an Inn, and rests his Night.

VI.

Ever changing, ever new,
 Thy Scenes, O *Grongar* ! cannot tire the View :
 Lowly Vallies, waving Woods,
 Windy Summits, wildly high,
 Rough, and rustling in the Sky !
 The pleasant Seat, the ruin'd Tower ;
 The naked Rock, the rosy Bower ;
 The Village and the Town, the Palace and the Farm,
 Each does, on each, reflect a doubled Charm ;
 As Pearls look brighter on an *Æthiop*'s Arm.

VII.

Southward, along the Mountain's waving Side,
 The Vale grows liberal, and the Prospect wide.

Glowing

Glowing, beneath a kind and purply Sky,
 Broad flower-dress'd Meadows and rich Pastures lie.
 Green Hedges, in long Parallels, are seen ;
 And silv'ry Lawns draw Streaks of Light between ;
 Distant, those *Thorns* diminish'd scarce appear ;
 As Dangers scape, unseen, that are not *near*.
 Smiling, like this fair Prospect, soft and gay,
 The flatt'ring Glass of Hope our *Future* shows ;
 But Ills, *at hand*, their Face, unmask'd display,
 And Fortune *rougher* still when *nearer*, grows :
 Still we tread, tir'd, along the same deep Way ;
 And still the *present* proves a *cloudy* Day.
 O, may I ever with my self agree,
 Nor hope the unpossess'd Delights I see !
 Nobly content, within some silent Shade,
 My Passions calm, and my proud Wishes laid :
 Ne'er may Desire's rough *Sea* beneath me roll,
 Drown my wish'd Peace, and *tempest* all my Soul !
 While, idly busy, I but beat the Air,
 And, lab'ring after Bliss, embosom Care !

VIII.

Here, while on humble Earth, unmark'd I lie,
I subject *Heav'n* and *Nature* to my Eye;
Solid, my Joys, and my free Thoughts run high.
For me, this soft'ning Wind in *Zephyrs* sings,
And in yon flow'ry Vale perfumes his Wings.
To sooth my Ear, those Waters murmur deep;
To shade my Eye, these bow'ry Woodbines creep.
Wanton, to yield me Sport, these Birds fly low;
And a sweet *Chase* of Harmony bestow.
Like me too yon sweet Stream serenely glides;
Just *views* and *quits* the Charms which tempt its
Sides :

Calmly regardless, hast'ning to the Sea,
As I, thro' *Life*, shall reach *Eternity*.



The Distinction of AGES.

By AARON HILL, *Esq;*

THE *Seven* first Years of Life (Man's Break
of Day)

Gleams of short Sense a *Dawn* of *Thought* display.
When *Fourteen* Springs have bloom'd his downy
Cheek,

His soft and blushful *Meanings* learn to *speak*.
From *Twenty-one*, proud Manhood takes its Date,
Yet is not Strength compleat till *Twenty-eight*.
Thence to his *Five and thirtieth*, Life's gay Fire
Sparkles, burns loud, and flames in *fierce Desir*;
At *Forty-two*, his Eyes grave *Wisdom* wear;
And the *dark Future* dims him o'er with *Care*.

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On to the *Nine and fortieth*, Toils increase ;
 And busy Hopes and Fears disturb his *Peace*.
 At *Fifty-six*, cool Reason reigns entire,
 Then Life burns *steddy*, and with *temprate Fire*.
 But *Sixty-three* unbinds the Body's Strength ;
 E'er th' unwearied *Mind* has run her Length.
 And, when from *Seventy*, Age surveys her last,
 Tired, she stops short, — and wishes *all were past*.



The THEFT.
A SONG.

By Mr. CONCANEN.

I.

WHY are those Charms by Frowns disgrac'd,
Too lovely, and too coy !
Since from your Lips, with tim'rous Haste,
I snatch'd transporting Joy ?

II.

Too well I rue the hapless Theft !
Too fatal your Disdain !
I lost — Ah, no ! my Life is left,
I feel it by the Pain.

III.

Sure, might I taste another such,
 So warm with keen Desire ;
 My Soul, exulting at the Touch,
 Wou'd, thro' my Lips, expire.

IV.

Then, *Julia*, take my parting Breath,
 In such another Kiss ;
 Glut your Revenge, and let my Death
 Attone the ravish'd Bliss.



The VISION.

By AARON HILL, *Esq;*

SICK of the worthless World, and courting Rest,
My fullen Soul, with pensive Weight oppress,
Disturb'd, and mournful, sought the silent Shade,
And fed Reflection in the breezy Glade;
Stretch'd on the grassy Margin of a Brook,
Whose murm'ring Fellowship my Mind partook;
Actively *idle*, I repining lay,
Gaz'd on the Flood, and sigh'd the Stream away.

Who knows, I cry'd, what Course thou art to pass,
Sweet Stream! that now creep'st softly thro' this
Grass?

Anon, perhaps, in gradual Flow, slid hence,
Thy deep'ning Current fills some moated Fence !
Hems some rude Farm, where peaceful Rusticks meet,
And their sweet Bread, in fearless Quiet eat !
Thence, thro' some thoughtless Lord's proud Gar-
den, led,

Thou may'st, unthank'd, thy fruitful Influence
spread ;

Yet, charm'd and ling'ring, thou may'st wish to stay,
And hoarsly murm'ring, roll, displeas'd, away !

But while with careless Course thou journey'st slow,
Oft halting to look back at this fair Show ;

Some Precipice, that in close Ambush lies,

Thy Virgin Current shall, at once, surprize,

Down whose steep Channel tumbling, frightened, o'er,

Swift shalt thou rush, with unavailing Roar !

Sullied, thenceforth, thy silver Shine shall die,

And dusky Depth some stagnate Fen supply ;

Where shadow'd Reeds in thy slow Flood shall shake,

And Tides fly, trembling, from the Gloom they make ;

Glad

Glad to abridge so unbelov'd a Space,
 Thou may'st wind short, and new direct the Race!
 Thro' verdant Meadows, freed, may'st, fearless fly,
 Till Cattle sip thee, as thou flow'st too nigh;
 Then, for Protection of thy ruffled Charms,
 Thou shalt creep close to some *Great* Lover's Arms!
 Some stately Stream, by Keely Courtship prest,
 And mark'd with Wealth's proud Furrows on his
 Breast;

Grave *Thames* may next receive thy mix'd Embrace,
 And fam'd *Augusta* see thy sullied Face;
 From her kiss'd Feet thy scatter'd Flood may stray,
 And to the swallowing Ocean roll away!
 There, wasted Stream! in Wind-driv'n Billows tost,
 Thy oft chang'd Being shall be wholly lost.

So, gentle Brook, I cry'd, does *Humane* Life,
 Midst endless Changes and in hourly Strife,
 Glide with Impatience thro' unknown Events,
 Till Nature asks Repose, and Death consents!

Why

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Why then is such a Life so long desir'd ?
 By what Pursuits is vain Ambition fir'd ?
 Friendship is lost, and Pity laugh'd away,
 And Men, like Beasts, each on the other prey ;
 Ev'n the soft Sex their Angel-Sweetness hide,
 With inward Artifice, and outward Pride !
 Beauty's spoil'd Shafts no more the Soul can hit,
 Blunted by Folly, or misled by Wit !
 Nothing is left worth wishing for on Earth,
 And Death becomes a gentler Woe than Birth !

While thus I mourn'd, back roll'd the frighted
 Brook,
 Low bow'd the Trees ; the Bank beneath me shook ;
 Descending Radiance flash'd upon the Ground,
 And spread a Flood of dazzling Lustre round !
 Struck with the strong Refulgence, blind I lay,
 Buried in Brightness, and o'erwhelm'd with Day !
 Oft I look'd up, and wou'd have bless'd my Sight,
 But strove, in vain, to stem the Tide of Light !

Still

Still as my Eyes aspir'd their Balls struck Fire,
 And wept in watty Blindness dash'd Desire !
 The unseen Phantom's Voice, beginning loud,
 Broke on the Ear, as Thunder rends a Cloud ;
 But softning more and more, grew sweet and kind,
 And charm'd like Musick, melting in the Wind.

Truth visits thee, she said, to bring thee Peace,
 To bid thy Diffidence in *Woman* cease ;
 To reconcile thy Soul to half Mankind,
 New-wing thy Transports, and unclog thy Mind !
 There lives a Charmer whom, divinely fir'd,
 Ev'n her whole Sex's Virtues have inspir'd ;
 Where all that's manly, joins with all that's sweet,
 And in whose Breast engross'd Perfections meet !
 Her Worth no conscious Pride of Merit stains,
 O'er her wide Soul impartial Reason reigns ;
 Blind to her Beams, she feels not her own Flame,
 And over-winning, undervalues Fame !

While

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While sparkling Gayness wantons in her Eye,
 In her wise Soul the laughing *Cupids* die;
 A thousand Graces round her Person play,
 A thousand Muses mark her Fancy's Way!
 To hear her speak, the Thought with Rapture fills!
 Her Looks alarm! — But when she *writes*, she kills!
 Rise then and meet her, as she this Way strays,
 And thy own Wonder shall outspoke my Praise!

The Goddess vanish'd to her native Skies,
 And the recover'd Shade unbarr'd my Eyes;
 I look'd, and deep within the honour'd Wood,
 Lovely *Eliza*, hid with Bay-leaves, stood!
Eliza — But her Wonders to reveal,
 Were to *describe* what I can only *feel*!



VERSES

VERSES *sent to* AARON HILL, *Esq;*
with the Tragedy of Sir Thomas
Overbury, expecting him to cor-
rect it.

By Mr. SAVAGE, Son of the late
Earl RIVERS.

I.

AS the Soul, stript of mortal Clay,
Grows all divinely fair,
And boundless roves the milky Way,
and views sweet Prospects there.

II.

This Hero, clogg'd with drossy Lines,
By thee new Vigour tries ;

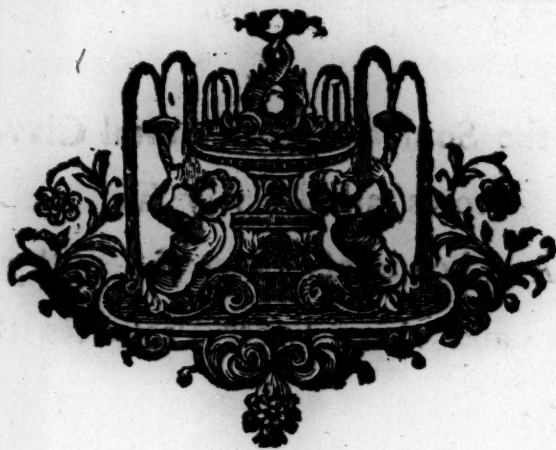
As

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As thy correcting Hand refines,
Bright Scenes around him rise.

III.

Thy Touch brings the wish'd Stone to pass,
So fought, so long foretold ;
It turns polluted Lead, or Brass,
At once to purest Gold.



To MARS, *in praise of* Sulpitia;
English'd *from the Fourth Book*
of Tibullus, Elegy the 2d.

By WILLIAM POPPLE, *Esq;*

TO grace thy Kalends, fair *Sulpitia's* dress'd,
Descend from Heav'n, and with her Sight
be bless'd.

This *Venus* will excuse, — Yet Oh! beware,
Least Love disarm, while you admire the Fair.
At her soft Eyes, when Love wou'd God's inspire,
And warm all Heav'n with his tumultuous Fire,
He lights his Torches; she where-e'er she moves,
Whate'er she does, assumes the publick Loves.

IF

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If loose her Hair, loose Hair becomes the Fair;
 If comb'd, she fires with ^a majestick Air!
 If rob'd in Purple, Purple charms the Eye,
 If White, how well may White with Purple vie?
 So on *Olympus* bless'd *Vertumnus* prov'd
 A Thousand Forms, and was in each lov'd.

For her alone, deserving of the Toil,
 The fleecy Wool twice dipt the *Tyrian* Soil.
Arabia offers what her Fields produce,
 The fragrant Perfume, and the od'rous Juice.
 And *India*, rich in unexhausted Mines,
 Collects each Pearl that on its Border shines.
 Her, O ye *Muses*! Her, O *Phæbus*! sing,
 To praise *Sulpitia*, strike the trembling String.
 Her Charms, this Day in each revolving Year,
 Resound; for none more worthy can appear.

The

The same ELEGY *Translated.*

By Mr. STACEY.

S *Ulpitia's* drest, great *Mars*, thy Feast to grace,
Leave, leave thy Heav'n, and view her charming
Face!

Venus admits you to behold the Fair,
Yet, while with Wonder you regard, beware,
To check your Ardour with a decent Care. }

When *Love* wou'd warm all Heav'n with wild De-
fires,
From her bright Eyes he takes resistless Fires!
Each Grace, unbid, attends the speaking Fair,
Each Look, each Gesture, shows each Grace is there.

G

Loose

Loose tho' her Locks, her Locks tho' loose delight;
Or comb'd, yet comb'd they shine to charm the Sight.
She charms, when purple Dies around her flow,
She charms alike, when white she moves in Snow!
Vertumnus so, who on *Olympus* stays,
Shines in a thousand Shapes a thousand Ways.

Best of thy Sex, that Verse shall e'er express!
Thine be each glowing Luxury of Dress!
Be thine what-e'er *Arabia's* spicy Soil
Yields grateful to the happy Reaper's Toil!
For her, dark *Indian*, trace thy spangled Shore,
And Pearls that Nature's Fondness hides, explore.
When Mirth excites your Notes, ye tuneful Nine,
Her's be your Praise, and *Phæbus* self will join;
Thro' endless Time, the charming Nymph convey,
No Nymph like her deserves your tuneful Lay.

Part of the 5th Book of LUSIAD.
A POEM written in Portuguese
by CAMOENS.

Translated by AARON HILL, Esq;

HOW sweet is Praise, and justly purchas'd
Glory,

By our own Actions, when to Heav'n they soar!
Each noble Soul will *strain* to leave his Story,
An Overmatch for All, who climb'd before.

Those wond'rous Heights *Achilles* reach'd in Arms,
Had ne'er so strongly mov'd the World's great Lord,
Had not the Muse of *Homer* giv'n 'em Charms,
And rous'd him from a Rest, he thence abhorr'd.

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Scipios, and *Cæsars*, *Portugal* can boast,
 But has not bless'd 'em with exalted Hearts ;
 Once dead, they *die for ever*, and are *lost*,
 Because unfriended by the *deathless Arts*.

All those immortal Names, that tread on Time,
 Were *learn'd themselves*, or *lov'd* the learned *All*.
 In *Greece*, in *Rome*, in the most *barb'rous* Clime,
 In ev'ry Land, but tasteless *Portugal*.

Mournful, I speak it to my Country's Shame,
 Want of *Excitement* keeps it's Genius *low*.
 Our rude and boist'rous Lords are deaf to Fame,
 And seem as careless to be *known*, as *know*.

Dull and of gross Desires, their empty Pride,
 Dark and contracted, *tastes* not what is writ ;
 For how, alas ! shou'd *Lameless* learn to *stride* ?
 Or he, who *understands not*, cherish *Wit* ?

Bless

Blest let the Muses be, by those I sing,
 That I, for no Reward but Honour, born,
 Have, for my Country's Glory, touch'd the String,
 And laugh her *titled Arrogance* to scorn.

While on the Fame of *Lusitania* bent,
 Your Charms, ye Nymphs of *Tagus*, I reveal,
Fortune the Frame of my proud Hope has rent,
 And drags me friendless at her Chariot Wheel.

Degraded, at another's Board to eat,
 A *Rock of Want* ! surrounded by my *Woes* ;
Ingratitude it self, unmov'd, I meet,
 And rise the stronger against *Envy's* Blows.

See Nymphs ! what *learned Lords* your *Tagus* boasts !
 What PATRONS of the noble Arts we find.
Such is their Worth, who fill the *Publick Posts* !
 And such the *Prize* that crowns a gen'rous *Mind* !

PROLOGUE,

*Spoken at the Revival of Shakespear's
King Henry the VIth, at the
Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.
(Printed before the Play from a
spurious Copy.)*

*Written by Mr. SAVAGE, Son of
the late Earl RIVERS.*

TO Night, a patient Ear, ye *Britons* lend,
And to your great Forefathers Deeds attend.
Here cheaply warn'd, ye blest Descendants view,
What Ills on *England*, Civil Discord drew.
To wound the Heart, the martial Muse prepares;
While the red Scene with raging Slaughter glares.

Here,

Here, while a Monarch's Suff'rings we relate,
Let gen'rous Grief his ruin'd Grandeur wait.
While *Second Richard's* Blood for Vengeance calls,
Doom'd for his Grandfire's Guilt, poor *Henry* falls.
In Civil Jars avenging Judgment blows,
And Royal Wrongs entail a People's Woes.
Henry, unvers'd in Wiles, more Good than Great,
Drew on by Meekness his disastrous Fate.

Thus when you see this Land by Faction tost,
Her Nobles slain, her Laws, her Freedom lost;
Let this Reflection from the Action flow,
We ne'er from Foreign Foes could Ruin know.
Oh let us then intestine Discord shun,
We ne'er can be, but by Ourselves, undone.

EPITAPH *on a Man and his
Wife, who were buried together,
and represented quarrelling on their
Grave. Translated from the La-
tin —*

By AARON HILL, *Esq;*

I.

STAY, *Batchelor!* if you have Wit,
A *Wonder* to behold!
Husband and Wife, in one dark Pit,
Lie still, and never *scold.*

II.

Tread softly, tho' — for fear she *wakes* :

Hark ! she begins already !

You've hurt my Head — my Shoulder akes.

These Sots can ne'er move steddily.

III.

Ah, *Friend*, with happy *Freedom* blest !

See ! how my *Hope's* miscarried.

Not *Death it self* can give you *Rest*,

Unless you *die unmarried*.



To ELIZA, on her design'd Voyage
to Spain.

By the same.

TO *Spain*? Forbid it Heav'n! Oh wish no
more,

To bless profusely that abounding Shore.

To Souls like thine It can no Pleasure yield,

To waste *Manure* on the too fertile Field.

The barren Soil, which wants, alone should share,

The gen'rous Influence of *Eliza's* Care!

Since *Spain*, high-treasur'd, grasps the golden *West*,

Oh, let thy *Indies* be by us possess'd.

The

The DISAPPOINTMENT.

By WILLIAM POPPLE, *Esq;*

HOW fad are Lovers when the Fair-Ones miss
Their Hour, evasive of the promis'd Bliss?
Their jealous Thoughts pursue the perjur'd Fair,
Thro' the dark Windings of a wild Despair.
And now Imagination rises high,
Heaves with the Heart, and sparkles from the Eye!
Lock'd in some happier Arms, we think she lies,
And gives and takes ten thousand Extacies.

If to thy Bliss, O love, such Ills are join'd,
Break—break my Chain, and free my captive Mind.

Yet

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Yet stay — thy Pleasures are so wondrous great,
Bind, bind my Chain, and leave me to my Fate.



*On Mr. COWLEY's introducing
Pindaric Verse.*

By AARON HILL, Esq;

I.

SACRED Soul ! harmonious Swan !

Whose sweetest Notes, long before Death, began,

And the long tuneful Race unwearied ran !

Long before Death began the Song ; and still the Song
improv'd,

And still new Strings, and still new Pleasure mov'd !

How, mighty Muse ! didst thou, and thou alone,

(For the gigantic Task was all thy own !)

Find Means to draw such unexhausted Store,

From Springs that were so poor,

From Fountains choak'd with Blood, and made by

Dust impure ?

How

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How, midst an Iron Age,
Of wild Religion, and fantastick Rage ;
The dreadful, and the over-acted Stage,
Where striving Truth, too weak for Fortune, fell,
And all that Learning then cou'd teach, was how to
suffer well !

How, in this dark, Enthusiastic Age,
Didst thou, Great Guide ! when Arts were over-
thrown,
And whole *Parnassus* shaken down,
Stand, and erect a new one of thy own.

II.

Yet, as within the all-enlight'ning Sun,
Some Spots our Glasses find amid the Rays,
Too small, tho' visible, to look on long,
Because surrounded by a Sea of Blaze !
So Thou, Great King of Fancy ! led astray,
By thy high-mettled Muse, uncurb'd and gay !
Thou, prancing proudly on o'er Wit's unmeasur'd
Way !

Hast err'd in Judgment where thou didst design,
Thy Judgment most shou'd shine;
But all that's Humane in thy Verse is lost in the Di-
vine!

Immortal Man, thou didst too rashly blame
The wastful Spirit of thy gloomy Times;
Even of that Age of Crimes,
Which gave the Fate of suff'ring *Charles* to Fame!
Thus Man, short-sighted, seldom aiming right,
Tho' Eagle-Ey'd in mortal Sight,
Mistakes for Chance Heav'ns well-resolv'd *Decree*,
And does against it fight!
That, which Lights to Shadows are,
Or Peace to War,

Such was *that Age* to *Thee*!
Such Contraries Almighty Wisdom finds,
And stamps on humane Minds;
That Virtue's Visage shewn more bright,
May, when set opposite to Guilt's black Night,
Strike

96 *Miscellaneous* POEMS

Strike ev'ry Eye that boldly *wakes* to see,
And, arm'd with double Force, may doubly charming
be.

III.

So fell the *Royal Martyr*, to convince
The wond'ring Ages since,
What lengthen'd Woes revenge a suff'ring Prince!
Oh, wondrous! mystic! undiscover'd Maze!
What Man can search his God's untrodden Ways?
Hence late we learn lost Worth to idolize!
And hence our late Posterity shall know,
(What Heav'n thence meant to show)
What ardent Curses three pale Nations owe
To Zeal's hot *Sons*, whose Reason *had no Eyes*,
And *Pride*, that saw Truth plain, and *seeing*, durst
despise!
So too, Immortal Subject of my Muse!
The Fav'rite Theme she loves to chuse!

So too! the fable Ign'rance of that Age,
Like Foils, which can to Diamonds Lustre give!
Inspir'd thy sacred Verse with that just Rage,
Which greatly swelling into Fame,
Thine, and thy *Sov'reign's* rescu'd Name,
Shall ev'n thy *Pindar's* Praise, but in thy Works
outlive.

A Lover's Reflection.

By WILLIAM POPPLE, *Esq;*

HOW shall I shake off cold Despair,
And warm *Amelia's* Breast?
Be bold! — Alas, what Lover dare,
Who trembles to be blest?

H

Wo-

Woman's Resolution.

By AARON HILL, *Esq;*

O H, cried *Arsenia*, long in Wedlock blest,
 Her Head reclining on her Husband's Breast
 Shou'd Death divide thee from thy doating Wife,
 What Comfort cou'd be found in Widdow'd Life:
 How the Thought shakes me? — Heav'n my Stri-
 phon save!

Or give the lost *Arsenia* half his Grave!

Jove heard the lovely Mourner, and approv'd,
 And shou'd not Wives, said he, like This, be lov'd
 Take the soft Sorrower at her Word, and try
 How firmly rooted Female Truth can lie.

and TRANSLATIONS. 99

'Twas said and done! — The tender *Strephon* died,
Arsenia two long Months t'outlive him tried!
But in the *third*, — Alas! — became a *Bride*.



The Innocent Inconstant.

By CLIO.

WELL! an Inconstant, let me then be
thought:

Nor can I help it, if it *be* a Fault.

No solid *Lead* is in *my* Atoms mix'd,

All Mercury! too sprightly to be fix'd!

As soon the Stars might in one Station shine,

As one dull Wretch retain this Heart of mine.

Restless, and tired, my Wishes still remove,
Nor can I clip the Wings of Flying Love.

Languid and faint, he in one Posture seems,
Loses his Fire, and in dull Slumber dreams;

and TRANSLATIONS. 101

Till some bright Victor, with enchanting Eyes,
Strikes his damp Wings, and bids his Spirits rise.

Let but the Bays and Myrtle crown my Brow,
I envy not the Frost, that Prudes avow.
No matter! — if my little Sallics look
But fairly in the Great Accounting Book!
My smiling Soul, from dang'rous Sin secure,
Scorns loose Desires, and is with Pleasure pure.
'Tis Love's chaste Bliss, its bright, transparent Part,
That my Flame kindles at, that warms my Heart!
I search — but rarely meet an equal Taste,
Then I grow weary, and I change in haste:
Where I discern, that heavy Earth prevails,
I leave the Lumber, and I shift the Sails.

But Oh, inconstant as I may appear,
Cou'd I once find a Poet, and sincere;
Wisdom, with Wit, might sure for ever move,
And He might clip the Wings of Flying Love.

An EPISTLE *to a famous Painter.*

By *Mr.* JOHN DYER, of Car-
marthenshire.

Delightful Partner of my Heart,
Master of the loveliest Art!

How sweet our Senses you deceive,
When we, a *gazing Throng*, believe!
Here flows the *Po!* — the *Minio* there,
Winding about with sedgy Hair!
And there the *Tyber's* yellow Flood,
Beneath a thick, and gloomy Wood!
And there *Darius' broken Ranks*
Upon the *Grannic's* bloody Banks;
Who bravely die, or basely run
From *Philip's* all-subduing Son!

And there the wounded *Porus* brought
(The bravest Man that ever fought!)
To *Alexander's* Tent, who eyes
His dauntless Visage, as he lies
In Death's most painful Agonies.

}

To me reveal thy Heav'nly Art,
To me thy Mysteries impart.
As yet I but in Verse can paint,
And to th' Idea colour faint
What to the open Eye you show,
Seeming Nature's living Glow!
The beauteous Shapes of Objects near!
Or distant One's confused in Air!
The golden Eve, or blushing Dawn,
Smiling on the lovely Lawn!
And pleasing Views of checquer'd Glades!
And Rivers, winding thro' the Shades!
And sunny Hills!— and pleasant Plains!
And Groups of merry Nymphs and Swains!

104 *Miscellaneous* POEMS

Or some old Building, hid with Grass,
Rearing sad its ruin'd Face;
Whose Columns, Friezes, Statues lie,
The Grief, and Wonder of the Eye!
Or swift a-down a Mountain tall,
A foamy Cat'ract's sounding Fall;
Whose loud Roaring stuns the Ear
Of the wond'ring Traveller!
Or a calm, and quiet Bay,
And a level shining Sea!
Or Surges rough, that froth, and roar,
And, angry, dash the sounding Shore!
And Vessel's tost! and Billows high!
And Light'ning flashing from the Sky!

Or that which gives me most Delight,
The fair Idea (seeming Sight!)
Of Warrior, fierce with shining Blade!
Or Orator, with Arms display'd!

and TRANSLATIONS. 105

Tully's engaging Air and Mien,

Declaiming against *Cataline*.

Or fierce *Achilles*, tow'ring high

Above his Foes, who round him die.

Or *Hercules*, with Lion's Hide,

And knotty Cudgel, thrown aside,

Lifting *Antæus*, high in Air!

Who, in his Gripe, expires there!

Or *Sisyphus*, with Toil and Sweat,

And Muscles strain'd, striving to get

Up a steep Hill a pond'rous Stone,

Which, near the Top, recoils, and rolls impetuous
down.

Or beauteous *Hellen's* easy Air,

With Head reclin'd, and flowing Hair;

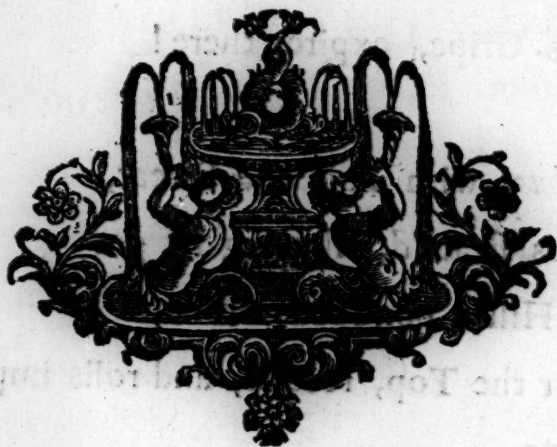
Or comely *Paris*, gay and young,

Moving with gallant Grace along!

These

106 *Miscellaneous* POEMS

These you can do! — I but advance,
In a florid Ignorance ;
And say to you, who better know ;
You shou'd design 'em so and so.



The

The Happy Man.

By AARON HILL, *Esq;*

HIGH, o'er the Winding of a clifffy Shore,
From whose worn Steep, rebounding
Surges roar :

Freeman — (sweet Lot!) — in quiet plenty lives,
Rich, in the unbought Wealth, which Nature gives.

Unplanted Groves rise round his shelter'd Seat,
And self-sown Flow'rs attract his wand'ring Feet;
Lengths of wild Garden his near Views adorn;
And far-seen Fields wave with domestic Corn.

The grateful Herds, which his own Pastures feed,
Pay their ask'd Lives, and, in due *Tribute*, bleed.

Here,

108 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Here, in learn'd Leisure, he relaxes Life,
Twixt prattling Children, and a smiling Wife;
Here, on dependant Want, he sheds his Care;
Moves amid Smiles, and all he hears, is Prayer.
The World lies round him, like a subject Soil,
Stor'd for his Service ; but beneath his Toil.

Hence, in a Morning Walk, his piercing Eye
Skims the green Ocean to the circling Sky ;
And marks, at Distance, some returning Sail,
Wing'd with the Courtship of a flatt'ring Gale :
The fearless Crew, concluding Danger o'er,
With glad'ning Shouts, salute the op'ning Shore :
Fore-think, how, best, they may their Gains employ ;
And antedate thin Scenes of promis'd Joy ;
'Till a near Quicksand checks their shorten'd Way,
And the sunk Masts point thro' the rising Spray.

Freeman

Freeman starts, sad! — revolves the changeful
Sight ;

Where Mis'ry can so soon succeed Delight.
Then shakes his Head, in Pity of their Fate ;
And, sweetly conscious, hugs his happier State.



The

The **CONTEST:**
A CANTATA.

1st RECITATIVE.

IN Sleep, young *Corydon* repos'd,
Free from the Force of Love and Wine;
When *Morpheus* to his View expos'd
Apollo, and the tuneful Nine.
A lovely Muse begins the Vocal Scene,
While *Phæbus* thus accompanies her Strain.

S O N G.

O! Youth! to us devote thy Days;
The Gay, the Happy, and the Young
For ever shall repeat thy Lays;
And Beauty shall reward thy Song.

and TRANSLATIONS. III

The fordid Cares which Life molest,
All Taste of Happiness expel :
But Joys eternal fill the Breast,
Where Poetry and Musick dwell.

2d RECITATIVE.

While Fancy thus his Mind surprizes,
Behold ! an awful Form arises.
His Coif, his Ruff, and thoughtful Look
Confess the venerable *Coke*.
While *Phæbus* and his Choir withdraw,
Thus speaks the Oracle of Law.

S O N G.

Fond Youth ! be wise in Time, submit,
To learned Law, your Love of Wit ;
Honour attends *Astræa's* Bar,
And Riches will reward thy Care.

Protect

102 *Miscellaneous* POEMS

Protect the Weak, and Wrong controul;

This fills with manly Joy, the Soul.

To this, all other Arts unite;

Be useful first, and then polite.



The

The Third Chapter of HABAKKUK
Paraphrafed.

By AARON HILL, *Esq;*

GOD of my Fathers ! fretch thy oft-try'd
Hand,

And yet once more redeem thy chosen Land !

Once more by Wonders make thy Glories known !

And midft thy Anger, be thy Mercy fhewn !

Oh, I have heard thy dreadful Actions told,

And my Soul burns, thy Terrors to unfold !

At *Israel's* Call, th' Almighty's Thunder, hurl'd
From *Paran's* Summit, fhook th' astonish'd World !

I

Frown-

114 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Frowning, provok'd, his threatning Wrath flam'd
high ;

And Earth's dim Regions gleam'd beneath his Eye.
Pois'd, in his undetermin'd Hands, he bore
Judgment's heap'd Horn, and Mercy's struggling
Store.

Near him, *pale Death* in *shadowy Triumph* trod ;
And press'd, with *ghastly Signs*, the *doomful Nod*.
Keen, from beneath his Feet, red Lightnings broke,
And the veil'd Mountain shook, in Clouds of Smoke.

He *stood* — and while the measur'd World he ey'd,
The starting Nations drop'd their warlike Pride.
High-boasting *Cushan* struck her Tents in Shame,
And *Midean* groan'd beneath repeated Fame.
He *step'd* — and from their old Foundations rent,
Th' everlasting *Hills* before him bent !
He *march'd* — and all th' *uprooted Mountains* stray,
And roll in Earthquakes, to escape his Way !

and TRANSLATIONS. 115

Fast-foll'wing, from their Chasms, a thousand Tides
Spout a wish'd Deluge o'er their frightened Sides !
Back swell'd the roaring *Sea*, his Face to fly,
And, in one trembling Billow, scal'd the Sky !
Conscious of Wrath Divine, the *Sun* grew *pale*,
And o'er Distinction cast a dusky Veil.

This when I hear, chill Frosts my Heart o'erspread,
And my Lips quiver with the rising Dread.
Trembling, and sunk, my Limbs I faintly draw,
And my Bones crumble with Ideal Awe !
Now tho' the Fig-tree ne'er shou'd Blossom yield ;
Tho' sterile Coldness curse th' unrip'ning Field ;
Tho' Vines and Olives fail their loady Chear,
Nor fainting Herds outlive the pining Year ;
Yet shall my Soul in God's sure Aid rejoice,
And Earth's high Sov'reign claim my Heav'n-tun'd
Voice.

An E P I T A P H.

By A A R O N H I L L, *Esq;*

W H Y in such thoughtless Haste ? Oh stay,
and know

The Dust, now mould'ring here, once hurried so!
If Will to serve, or Art to please Mankind;
If being just, and of a gen'rous Mind;
If harmless Mirth, free Friendship, stinglefs Truth,
Unswerving Judgment, and unerring Youth;
If these cou'd e'er have brib'd the Dart of Death,
This Grave's gay Tenant still had kept his Breath:
Stay then! and lend one Sigh to mourn his Fate!
So may your Loss be griev'd, so may your Death
be late.

To AARON HILL, *Esq;* on his
Poem call'd GIDEON.

By *Mr.* JOHN DYER, of Car-
marthenshire.

TELL me, wondrous Friend, where were you
When *Gideon* was your lofty Song!
Where did the heav'nly Spirit bear you,
When your fair Soul reflected strong
Gideon's Actions, as they shin'd
Bright in the Chambers of your Mind!

Say, have you trod *Arabia's* spicy Vales,
Or gather'd Bays beside *Euphrates'* Stream,
Or lonely sung with *Jordan's* Water-falls,
While heav'nly *Gideon* was your sacred Theme.

118 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Or have you many Ages giv'n
To close Retirement and to Books !
And held a long Discourse with Heav'n,
And notic'd Nature in her various Looks!

Full of inspiring Wonder and Delight,
Slow read I *Gideon* with a greedy Eye !
Like a pleas'd Traveller that lingers sweet
On some fair and lofty Plain,
Where the Sun does brightly shine,
And glorious Prospects all around him lie !

On *Gideon's* Pages beautifully shine,
Surprizing Pictures rising to my Sight ;
With all the Life of Colours and of Lines,
And all the Force of rounding Shade and Light,
And all the Grace — of something more divine!

High on a Hill, beneath an Oak's broad Arm,

I see a Youth divinely fair,

" Pensive he leans his Head on his left Hand ;

" His smiling Eye sheds Sweetness mix'd with Awe,

" His right Hand, with a Milk-white Wand, some

" Figure seems to draw !

" A nameless Grace is scatter'd thro' his Air,

" And o'er his Shoulders loosely flows his Amber-

" colour'd Hair !

Above, with burning Blush the Morning glows,

The waking World all fair before him lies ;

" Slow from the Plain the melting Dews,

" To kiss the Sun-beams, climbing, rise, &c.

Methinks the Grove of *Baal* I see,

In terrass'd Stages mount up high,

And wave its fable Beauties in the Skie,

120 *Miscellaneous* POEMS

“ From Stage to Stage, broad Steps of half-hid

“ Stone,

“ With curling Moss and blady Grass o’ergrown,

“ Lead awful —

“ Down in a Dungeon deep,

“ Where thro’ thick Walls, oblique, the broken Light

“ From narrow Loop-holes quivers to the Sight.

“ With swift and furious Stride,

“ Close-folded Arms, and short and sudden Starts,

“ The fretful Prince, in dumb and fullen Pride,

“ Revolves Escape —

Here in red Colours glowing bold,

A warlike Figure strikes my Eye !

The dreadful sudden Sight his Foes behold

Confounded so, they lose the Pow’r to fly ;

“ Back’ning they gaze at Distance on his Face,

“ Admire his Posture, and confess his Grace,

“ His right Hand grasps his planted Spear, &c.

Alas,

Alas, my Muse, thro' much Good-will you err :
And we the mighty Author greatly wrong ;
To gather Beauties here and there,
As but a scatter'd *few* there were,
While ev'ry Word's a Beauty, in his Song !

*These Lines in this Poem mark'd thus " are taken out of the Poem
called Gideon.*



The

The DRONE *and the* COBWEB.

*A Translation of some Latin Verses
which were written by Lord
Ereskine, Son of the late Earl
of Mar, when at Westminster-
School.*

By AARON HILL, Esq;

MUsing, betimes, what Theme my Verse might
find,

While Doubt divided my impatient Mind,
Whether the Threats of *Spain*, *Italian* Jarrs,
Or what new Schemes the frozen *North* prepares;
While I yet wavering stood, the God of Rhyme
Advis'd me, whisp'ring—*Shun Thou Themes sublime;*

Choose

and TRANSLATIONS. 123

Chase low ; to trifle well is no small Praise !

He said ; and thro' the Window shot his Rays :

I hail'd the God's Prefage ; and strait the Light
Disclos'd a *spinning Spider* to my Sight ;
From far his quivering Beams I saw him spread,
Fine winding Products of a viscous Thread !
The Work excell'd the Worth ! — with dextrous Skill,
He drew thin Rafter's the cross'd Web to fill ;
All equidistant from their Center hung,
And, justly rang'd, to the soft Beam-work clung ;
The Fabrick glow'd ; intent, he wheel'd exact,
And thready Joists, in angly Orbits tack'd ;
Not juster cou'd the Artist's Compass twine,
When his nice Hand wou'd sweep some circling Line ;
Orb within Orb, so near each other lay,
That not a *Fly*, untrap'd, cou'd force its Way ;
This done, he to his dusky Den withdrew,
And artful drag'd along a ductile *Clue* !

Which,

124 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Which, bending with his Net, might shake and play,
To give swift Notice of th' entangled Prey.

While on the Work I gaz'd, with stedfast View,
A buzzing *Drone* at distance cross me flew ;
Inglorious humm'd his clumsy Bulk along,
Hostile, and bent to live by others' Wrong :
To rob the honied Hive was his Delight ;
In at a broken *Pane*, with dext'rous Flight,
Rushing with headlong Haste, the Net he struck,
And struggling long, in vain still faster stuck.
Yet was his Force unequal, and too great,
The flight-wrought Fabrick bursts beneath the
Weight !
Ropy, the twisted Web together clung,
In which, fast trap'd, the pendant Prisoner swung.

So have I seen, on *Torkshire's* hedgeless Plains,
Some Gibbet-fasten'd Robber hang in Chains ;

Whom,

Whom, while he liv'd, by idle Vice misled,
Unweigh'd Pursuit of lawless Profit fed ;
But now his Thefts their due Reward attain'd,
The Farmers safe bore Home the Sums they gain'd, }
Nor fear'd the grinning Carcase, since 'twas chain'd. }
So swung the pendant Drone, like him, confin'd,
A restless Play-thing for the whistling Wind !



The

The F R I E N D.
Address'd to AARON HILL, *Esq;*

Written by Mr. SAVAGE, *Son of*
the late Earl RIVERS.

O Lov'd *Hillarius*, thou by Heav'n design'd
 To charm, to mend, and to excel Mankind!
 To thee my Hopes, Fears, Joys, and Sorrows tend,
 Thou Brother, Father, nearer yet! — Thou Friend!
 Thou dearer far (Oh, what can equal thee?)
 Than Int'rest, Kindred, Love, or Fame, to me.

—
 The Rich, the Great, of envious Care complain,
 I, from unenvy'd Want, a Triumph gain;
 Kind are my Wrongs, I thence thy Friendship own!
 What State cou'd bless, were I to thee unknown?

Of

Oft thy Reproof has flush'd me o'er with Shame,
From thy rich Soul I caught Ideal Flame !
While shun'd, obscur'd ; or thwarted and expos'd,
By Friends abandon'd, and by Foes enclos'd,
Thy guardian Counsel softens ev'ry Care,
To Ease charms Anguish, and to Hope Despair.

If meaner Views extort reluctant Lays,
I rob thy Virtues to give others Praise ;
Think not to swell vain Minds my Theft's applied,
No — in thy Worth I'd paint a gen'rous Pride.
Fain wou'd I count thy wondrous Virtues o'er,
Aid me, ye Bards ; with me the Theme explore !
With me *Hillarius* sing ! — the Theme implies
Sweetness and Strength, A Mind serene and wise.
Mark him, ye Proud — Beneficent he lives,
Urges no Wrongs, is injur'd, and forgives ;
Peerage he honours, when by Worth acquir'd ;
Worth is by Worth in ev'ry Rank admir'd :

Peerage

128 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Peerage he scorns, when Titles Insult speak,
 Proud to vain Pride, to honour'd Meekness meek,
 In ev'ry Thought, in ev'ry Action, Great,
 In Leisure active, and in Care sedate.
 Nature, enobled, here delights to blend
 Th' aspiring Bard and condescending Friend:
 While some with cold, superior Looks, redress,
 Relief seems Insult, and confirms Distress:
 He, when he views the Soul with Wrongs besieg'd,
 While warm he acts th' Obliger, seems th' Oblig'd.
 That venal Bliss which others court, he flies,
 That worthy Woe they shun, attracts his Eyes.
 The humane Virtues his sweet Life compose,
 The humane Frailties are alone his Foes.

Hillarius, ever lov'd, and ever kind,
 Thou just, thou gen'rous, thou exalted Mind!
 Thou, clear in Cares, can'st Fortune's Smiles outshine:
 What wou'd'st thou not, were Wealth and Greatness
 thine?

The ANIMALCULE.
A TALE.

*Occasion'd by his Grace the Duke of
Rutland's receiving the Small Pox
by Inoculation.*

*Written by Mr. SAVAGE, Son of
the late Earl RIVERS.*

I.

IN *Animalcules*, Muse display.
Spirits, of Name unknown in Song!
Reader a kind Attention pay,
Nor think an useful Comment long.

K

II.

130 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

II.

Far less than Mites, on Mites they prey ;
Minute Things may Swarms contain :
When o'er your Iv'ry Teeth they stray,
Then throb your little Nerves with Pain.

III.

Fluids, in Drops, minutely swell ;
These subtil Beings Each contains ;
In the small sanguine Globes they dwell,
Roll from the Heart, and trace the Veins.

IV.

Thro' ev'ry tender Tube they rove,
In finer Spirits, strike the Brain ;
Wind quick thro' ev'ry fibrous Grove,
And seek, thro' Pores, the Heart again.

V.

If they with purer Drops dilate,
And lodge where Entity began,
They actuate with a genial Heat,
And kindle into future *Man*.

VI.

But, when our Lives are Nature's Due,
Air, Seas, nor Fire, their Frames dissolve;
They Matter, thro' all Forms, pursue,
And oft to genial Heats revolve.

VII.

Thus once an *Animalcule* prov'd,
When *Man*, a Patron to the Bays;
This Patron was in *Greece* belov'd;
Yet Fame was faithless to his Praise.

VIII.

In *Rome*, this *Animalcule* grew,
 Mæcenas, whom the *Classics* rate!
Among the *Gauls*, it prov'd *Richlieu*,
 In *Learning*, *Pow'r*, and *Bounty* Great.

IX.

In *Britain*, *Hallifax* it rose;
 (By *Hallifax*, bloom'd *Congreve's* Strains)
And now it re-diminish'd glows,
 To glide thro' godlike *Rutland's* Veins.

X.

A *Plague* there is, too *Many* know;
 Too seldom perfect *Cures* befall it.
The *Muse* may term it *Beauty's* *Foe*;
 In *Physick*, the *Small Pox* we call it.

XI.

From *Turks* we learn this Plague t'assuage,
They, by admitting, turn its Course :
Their Kifs will tame the Tumor's Rage ;
By yielding, they o'ercome the Force.

XII.

Thus *Rutland* did its Touch invite,
While, watchful in the ambient Air,
This little, guardian, subtil Spright
Did with the Poison *in* repair.

XIII.

Th' Infection from the Heart it clears ;
Th' Infection, now dilated thin,
In pearly Pimples but appears,
Expell'd upon the Surface Skin.

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XIV.

And now it, mould'ring, waits away:

'Tis gone! — doom'd to return no more!

Our *Animalcule* keeps its Stay,

And must new Labyrinths explore.

XV.

And now the *Noble's* Thoughts are seen,

Unmark'd, it views his Heart's Desires!

It now reflects what It has been,

And, rapt'rous, at its Change admires!

XVI.

It's pristine Virtues, kept, combine,

To be again in *Rutland* known;

But they, immers'd, no longer shine,

Nor equal, nor encrease his own.

ORIGINAL LETTERS,

*As they were really written, under
the Names of DAMON and PHI-
LEMON, concerning Riches and
Poverty: Those of DAMON, by
the late Mr. MARSHAL SMITH,
and those of PHILEMON, by
AARON HILL, Esq;*

Damon to Philemon.

CURSE on all Wealth! — till Gold begot Offence,
Nature smil'd soft, with artless Innocence.
Man's Days slid smoothly on in safe Delights,
Nor fear'd He Villains to disturb his Nights.

136 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

No Virgin Beauty then was basely fold
 To the Pre-emption of Tyrannic Gold ;
 But Swains, with honest Hearts, kind Truths ex-
 press'd,
 And Nymphs, unblushing, conscious Flames confess'd.

Astrea, then, with undim'd Glory reign'd,
 No Judge's Ear by Brib'ry yet was gain'd.
 No sordid Av'rice was in Bargains known,
 Tho' Property, diffus'd, was each Man's own.
War had not yet, with Stains of Blood and Rage,
 Brought her fierce Offspring on the World's wide
 Stage.

Then All beneath the peaceful Olive sat,
 Calmly delighted with their blissful State !
 But when thy Birth disturb'd th' harmonious World,
 Thro' groaning Nature was Confusion hurl'd ;
 Quiet was lost, and her all-pleasing Forms,
 O'erwhelm'd by Deluges, or broke by Storms ;

Noise

Noise and Destruction, with gigantic Strides,
And all their horrid Children at their Sides,
March'd round the frighted Globe, in search of Thee,
And plow'd up Murders, Thefts, and Perjury.

Philemon, then, th' inglorious Chace refrain;
Nor waste thy Life in Love of slip'ry Gain.

Philemon to Damon.

GOLD! — Thou gay Quint-essence of Earth re-
fin'd!

Which Heav'n to ballance struggling Pow'r design'd!
Till thy decisive Weight depress'd the Scale,
Contenders did alternately prevail.

Now reign'd, as Lord, some Chance-ascending
Swain;

Another conqu'ring *him*, yet wins in vain;

A Third quells *Both*, nor can *his* Pow'r maintain.

Each

138 *Miscellaneous* POEMS

Each wou'd be Chief ; but all, unhelp'd by thee,
Stick in the Mire of mean Equality!

Gold first the famish'd Mouth of Learning fed,
And drew the Curtain Ignorance had spread.
No honest Labour lengthen'd out the Day,
For there was no Reward their Toil to pay :
Supine Stupidity forbad all Strife,
And Sleep refresh'd not, but imprison'd Life.

But since thy Worth, Oh Gold! was justly known,
Arts have sprung thick, and Hope is wider grown.
Kings, bless'd by thee, the murm'ring World command,
And tread down Discord in each Rebel Land!
In hopes of thee, the *Stupid* aim to *think*,
And Sin's broad Eye, for Profit, learns to wink :
The Sea's vast Depth, for thee, we boldly sound,
And sleep, undreading, upon Hostile Ground!

For

For thee, the Hind, with strong and artful Hand,
Drives lazy Nature thro' his sluggish Land!
Thou, Gold, can'st melt the frozen-hearted Fair,
And dry fast Sorrows, and o'erwhelming Care!
By Gold alone we great and happy live,
For Joys are Goods, which only Wealth can give.

Damon to Philemon.

Gold is, I own, the Origin and Source,
Whence Pow'r first rose, and which maintains
her Course!

But what is Pow'r, which Wealth, not Justice, gives?
How ill distinguish'd such a Sov'reign lives!
Cou'd Man but read th' ambitious Monarch's Breast,
And trace swift Tumults thro' his broken Rest;
How wou'd they curse his Shadow-circled State,
And laugh at Envy, which maligns the Great!
Sometimes, Ah Shame! the Fair thy Pow'r adore,
And feign to love where they despis'd before!

Yet

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Yet the vain Tempters, who this Art have tried,
Gain'd not the Woman, but the Woman's Pride!

Can then *Philemon*, whose alluring Strains
Are lov'd by Nymphs, and envy'd by the Swains!
Can he esteem that baneful Oar divine?
Or kneel, dishonour'd, at blind Fortune's Shrine?
No! — rather in her vilest Form describe
That Stain-affixing Foe to Virtue's Tribe.

Philemon to Damon.

*D*amon, I love thee, and thy Welfare seek;
Thence lend my Truths a Liberty to speak;
Just as I wish, my Friendship wou'd advise,
And see thee great and mighty, as thou'rt wise!
The Starts which shake th' ambitious Monarch's
Breast,
Those Night-born Tumults which distract his Rest,
Spring

and TRANSLATIONS. 141

Spring not from Gold, my *Damon*, but from Pride,
Which swells Desire with too profuse a Tide!
Tho' Gold the Bark that sails to Fortune is,
The Pilot Wisdom must direct to Bliss;
Calm Moderation ought to measure Choice,
And high-flown Wishes stoop at Reason's Voice.
The Sun, which at due Distance, paints the Year,
Wou'd scorch us, *Damon*, if it came too near;
You may with Ease o'er shining Millions reign,
And never be a Slave to flowing Gain;
But he whose Birth-directing Stars decree,
That he shall waste wan Life in Poverty!
Let him be cast in Nature's choicest Mold,
And Lord of ev'ry Gift of Heav'n, but Gold,
While that alone he wants to crown the rest;
Not all his other Gifts can make him blest.

Damon

Damon to Philemon.

Philemon's Lines do Gold so far outshine,
 So far more weighty; dazzling and divine,
 That ev'n the Praise he gives it, serves to show
 What more to Wisdom than to Wealth we owe.
 But, Oh! 'tis false, that Gold can give us Friends,
 Friendship and Flatt'ry have wide-diff'ring Ends.
 They who croud round us while our Hopes look gay,
 Will, in the Dusk of Fortune, shrink away!
Timon, the brave, the gen'rous, and the great!
Timon, the wise! — but wise, alas, too late!
 Who dragg'd of Wealth's proud Dross a pond'rous
 Load,
 And shed his Blessings round him, like a God!
Timon, who heal'd the Woes of half Mankind!
 What vile Returns did wretched *Timon* find?

Content is Bliss, I'll, with *Philemon*, hold ;
But was Content e'er purchas'd yet with Gold ?
Our Affluence but serves to spur Desire,
And dang'rous Flights attain'd but tempt us higher.

Philemon to Damon.

Y^Et let me triumph in a pow'rful State,
If I am rich, I can, at Will, be Great !
With nice-tim'd Aid can fainting Worth assist,
And make the Wretched happy when I list !
But if on Fortune's barren Strands I lie,
My fruitless Pity shall unpitied die.
You tell me, *Damon*, Friends are bought and sold,
And that Assistance comes and goes with Gold ;
If Help in Life affords the greatest Bliss,
What buys that Help the greatest Comfort is.

Damon

Damon to Philemon.

ALL your strong Arguments no Proof produce
Of Gold's intrinsic Value, but its Use.

Your gen'rous Soul wou'd aid a Worth distress'd,
And bless your self, by making others bless'd,
Call forth dim Virtue on the World to shine!
'Tis great! 'tis wondrous great! — 'tis all divine!
But still, *Philemon*, this sublime Delight,
Springs not from Gold's Possession, but its Flight!
I'd prize a Truth, sent in the Devil's Name;
But still abhor that Dev'l from whence it came.
So Gold, pernicious in its Nature, may,
By Souls like yours be forc'd a nobler Way.

Thus, as the Needle, by magnetic Force,
Once touch'd, still to the Magnet guides its Course;
Trembling, while wand'ring thence, and finds no Rest,
Till clasp'd, and fasten'd to its darling Breast;

So,

So, tho' our Thoughts, on diff'rent Points, design,
Meeting, at last, we in one Centre join,
And lose th' unfriendly Terms of Mine and Thine.

Philemon to Damon.

I Praise, dear Swain, the Use of Gold, 'tis true,
But Use includes intrinsick Value too.
Whence, but from Use, can Estimation rise?
For ev'ry Thing is worth what it supplies:
'Tis true, a Diamond cannot keep out Cold,
Nor can we eat or drink our Heaps of Gold;
Yet, bless'd with either, *Damon*, we can buy,
What Neither, in their Nature, can supply;
And since for Wealth the Joys of Life are sold,
There's an intrinsic Value sure in Gold!
I hold, with *Damon*, Gold shou'd be a Slave,
I treat, as such, the Pow'r my Fortune gave:
And when I've forc'd her to encrease my Store,
I'll make a Slave of that, and ten times more.

L

Yet

146 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Yet Gold possesses ev'ry healing Pow'r,
Nor Love alone springs in a golden Show'r;
Gold makes Men grave, and wise, and gives 'em Rule,
For few have Eyes, thro' Wealth, to read a Fool!
Ev'n in the Shades below the Rich were blest,
And borne by *Charon* to the Fields of Rest;
While Poverty, with Shame, to Death was hurl'd,
And drew down Scandal to the nether World.

But since my *Damon*, whom the Muses bless,
Affects not Gold, and bids me love it less;
I'll listen to his sweet perswasive Voice,
And guide my Soul to meet him in his Choice;
Since then, nor you, nor I, can happy be,
You, with much Gold, nor I, with Poverty;
Let's bend our Search to find some freer Fate,
And crown our Wishes in the middle State;
He's blest, by Gold, whose Mind to Pow'r stands bent;
He more, who, wanting Gold, enjoys Content.

T E R E

TERESA to DUMONT.

*Written originally in Italian by a
Lady to Mr. HILL, when in
Italy, on his Departure for Eng-
land.*

GO, happy Letter, — Go!
Into his Hands whom I adore go fly!
And, if he asks for me, tell him I die.

The LETTER.

I.

I Took the Paper in my trembling Hand,
Which, having wrote your Name, my Pen confin'd,
And forc'd my hasty Will to make a Stand,
While Love's awaken'd Tempest shook my Mind.

L 2

II.

II.

Cold, languid Sweats, like Dew-drops, fill my
Brow ;

Fain wou'd I write — *I love* ! — and say, how well !
But my Heart whispers me, thou know'st not how !
Alas ! — thou lov'st him more than thou can'st tell.

III.

What then remains, in this Extream to do ?
Write, trembling Hand, and this sad Truth declare ;
You guide my Fate ; I'm blest, if you prove true,
And nothing sure is false, that looks so fair.

IV.

Some Maids are ruin'd and no Pity find ;
But their Deceivers were not made, like mine ;
Ah ! who can see thy Face and not be kind ?
Or stand the Charms of such a Tongue as thine ?

DUMONT to TERESA.

*Written originally in Italian by
AARON HILL, Esq; Translated
by the Author.*

Fly, Truth's sad Bearer! — fly!
To her cold Hands, who blest'd my Hopes too late,
And beg one Tear, to mourn thy Sender's Fate.

The ANSWER.

I.

I Read, with pleasing Pain, your Letter o'er,
And when, amidst Despair, I found you kind;
To think, I'd sworn, I ne'er wou'd see you more,
A Whirl of Passions shook my burning Mind!

L 3

II

150 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

II.

The Anchor-heaving Ship prepares to fail,
The Winds, malicious, sing at my Distress;
The op'ning Canvass hugs th' officious Gale;
Did ever Love chuse such a Time to bless?

III.

Ill-judging Sex! high-skill'd in cruel Arts,
To hide the Joy you give in mingled Pain!
Sportful, you toy, and fret our foolish Hearts,
Till *Oaths* or *Reason* break the galling Chain.

IV.

Then, when but one sad Choice remains to take,
To quit our Honour, or wish'd Love refuse,
Too late you sigh for a lost Servant's Sake,
And proffer Treasures which he dares not use.

VERSES, *occasion'd by seeing*
the Picture of PERSEUS *and*
ANDROMEDA.

By WILLIAM POPPLE, *Esq;*

CHain'd to a Rock, behold the Royal Fair,
Naked her Limbs, and loose her flowing Hair;
In her wild Eyes, conflicting Passions reign,
A doubtful Pleasure, and a certain Pain!
Turn your View Sea-ward, and from far survey
The Monster, rushing o'er the briny Way.

Now upward gaze, and from the Cloud-streak'd
Sky,
View the warm youthful Warriour downward fly!

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In his left Hand, *Medusa's* Front appears,
 Wav'd in his right, the shining Sword he rears!
 He sees the Fair, and hears the Monster roar,
 And hears, and sees too much, to suffer more.
 Beneath, behold th' officious God of Love,
 From the freed Virgin every Chain remove.

Propitious Love, Oh may'st thou ever be,
 (Ask I too much?) as sweetly kind to me!
 May I, like *Perseus*, free some gen'rous Maid!
 Like *Perseus*, may I be with Love repaid!
 In her dear Arms, for ever may I live,
 Yield Heart for Heart, and Love for Love receive.



EPIGRAM.

By the same.

YOung widow'd *Sylvia* Tears has shed ;
Those pious Tears you scan !
Was it then for the *Husband* dead,
She wept ? — Or for the *Man* ?



VERSES

VERSES to a LADY (the
Author's Relation) occasion'd by
the Death of her Father.

By Mr. CONCANEN.

Fain wou'd I give your wounded Soul Relief,
And pour the Balm of Comfort on your Grief;
But my own Anguish bids my Eyes to flow:
Can I then stop the Torrent of your Woe?
No! — Let my Verse indulge the mournful Theme,
And let my Sorrow mingle in the Stream:
Nor can our Cause of Mourning disagree,
You lost a Father — He was more to me!
An equal Right our diff'rent Losses give,
He gave you Life — He taught me how to live!

Talk'd

Talk'd I of Verse? — Alas, what Verse can rise
From throbbing Bosoms, or dissolving Eyes?
In vain I call the chearless Muse to mourn,
And pay my Debt of Sorrow at his Urn.
No friendly Aid, no Help divine appears,
But my best Off'rings are my Sighs and Tears.

Wit, in gay Scenes of Joy, with Laughter, dwells;
While Sorrow languishes in gloomy Cells.
To diff'rent Ends, in diff'rent Spheres they move,
But distant still, as Dignity and Love.
When some rich Lord, whom Pow'r and Titles grac'd,
And Heav'n, indulgent, o'er his Betters plac'd,
Forfakes this transient Life, he keeps his State,
And venal Elegies deplore his Fate;
With pompous Grief the Poet fills his Lays,
While his Soul feels not what his Verse displays.
There Wit has Room to modify the Strains,
And the fond Heart uninterrupted gains.

My

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My Verse flows only for my Mind's Relief,
And borrows all its Beauties from my Grief.

Hard State of Merit when its Test is such,
It must be gilded to endure the Touch.
The virtuous Man occasions no Surprize,
Unprais'd he lives, and undeplor'd he dies.
The Villain's Acts our wondring Thoughts debauch,
While hoarded Plunder swells above Reproach.
The Worth of *Pamphilus* few Praises claims,
While *B——* and *T——* are celebrated Names.
When such Men die, the Flocks and Shepherds mourn,
And Woods, and Rocks, and Downs, their Griefs
return ;
Yet can't his just, his honest Life incline,
To wail his Death a better Muse than mine.

Hail, honour'd Shade ! — What Praises are thy
Due !

How great, how bold, how noble, and how true !

Forgive

Forgive the friendly Hand that strives to paint,
The Sketch unartful, and the Touches faint.

What Heav'n inspir'd, and what Religion bound,
Already full Beatitude has crown'd ;
But what were kindled up from Honour's Flame,
The Muse must pay ; the Recompence be Fame.

Look back, ye Seers, for Love of Virtue, known,
Look and admire a Genius like your own ;
A gen'rous Mind, by Fortune strongly tried,
Who Wealth and Want impartially defied,
And from the World ambitiously retired,
Full of that Glory, which his Soul desired :
Confess such Virtues cou'd no farther run,
And e'vn your boasted *Atticus* outdone.

Yet, of his Merits, view the gather'd Fund ;
How fitted for the busy World he shun'd !

No

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No useful Knowledge had escap'd his Ken,
 Of ancient Authors, or of modern Men:
 No Sourness in his Manners gave Offence,
 The sweetest Temper, and the soundest Sense:
 A Look serene, a Gentleness of Mind,
 A Form delightful, and a Taste refin'd:
 These all combin'd, and fashion'd him with Ease,
 To awe, to charm, to conquer, and to please.
 Let prying Envy all his Actions scan,
 She finds the Christian, and the moral Man
 Mix in each Scheme, and views his each Design,
 Like Heroes' Souls, half humane, half divine.

Alas, these Praises give me some Delight,
 Till more familiar Virtues rise in Sight!
 Prepare your Tears, and let our Sorrows blend,
 For I must name the Father, and the Friend.

From whom descended, and to whom allied,
 That feeble Basis of misguided Pride,

I pass,

I pass, as impotent his Fame to raise.
His Lineage is the Wise Man's poorest Praise;
And only serves the Flat'rer's fulsome Pen,
To rank a Fool above the Sons of Men.
Tho' such his Birth as might his Merit grace,
His Merit such as dignified his Race.

But while you read this indigested Scroll,
Wild as my Grief, distracted as my Soul;
Forgive your Friend, if his Endeavours fail,
His Thought subsiding, as his Tears prevail;
To shew how fondly, and how much he lov'd
That Worth which Men admir'd and Heav'n approv'd.

When Love or Grief employs the Poet's Strains,
Too plain his Stile discovers if he feigns;
Embroider'd Phrase, and polish'd Verse reveal,
He paints the Passion, but he does not feel.

Yet

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Yet Want of Wit my Anguish ill defines,
(For that's a Figure frequent in my Lines ;)
Nor Words can speak, nor Images can show,
Nor can ev'n Silence hint an equal Woe ;
You can conceive it well, and you alone,
For Oh, you feel it, when you feel your own.



To *Mrs* ELIZA HAYWOOD, on
her NOVEL, call'd, The Rash
Resolve.

By *Mr.* SAVAGE, Son of the late
Earl RIVERS.

Doom'd to a Fate, which damps the Poet's
Flame,
A Muse, unfriended, greets thy rising Name !
Unvers'd in Envy's, or in Flatt'ry's Phrase,
Greatness she flies, yet Merit claims her Praise ;
Nor will she, at her with'ring Wreath, repine,
But smile, if Fame and Fortune cherish thine.

The Sciences in thy sweet Genius charm,
And, with their Strength, thy Sex's Softness arm.

M

In

162 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

In thy full Figures, Painting's Force we find,
 As Music fires, thy Language lifts the Mind.
 Thy Pow'r gives Form, and touches into Life
 The Passions imag'd in their bleeding Strife :
 Contrasted Strokes, true Art, and Fancy, show,
 And Lights, and Shades, in lively Mixture flow.
 Hope attacks Fear, and Reason Love's Controul,
 Jealousy wounds, and Friendship heals the Soul:
 Black Falshood wears black Gallantry's Disguise,
 And the gilt Cloud enchants the Fair-One's Eyes.
 Thy Dames, in Grief, and Frailties, lovely shine,
 And when most mortal, half appear divine.
 If, when some Godlike, fav'rite Passion sways,
 The willing Heart too fatally obeys,
 Great Minds lament what cruel Censure blames,
 And ruin'd Virtue gen'rous Pity claims.

Eliza, still impaint Love's pow'rful Queen!
 Let Love, soft Love ! exalt each swelling Scene.

Arm'd

and TRANSLATIONS. 163

Arm'd with keen Wit, in Fame's wide Lists advance!

Spain yields in Fiction, in Politeness, *France*.

Such Orient Light, as the first Poets knew,

Flames from thy Thought, and brightens ev'ry

View!

A strong, a glorious, a luxuriant Fire,

Which warms cold Wisdom into wild Desire!

Thy Fable glows so rich thro' ev'ry Page,

What Moral's Force can the fierce Heat assuage?

And yet, — but say, if ever doom'd to prove
The sad, the dear Perplexities of Love!

Where seeming Transport softens ev'ry Pain,

Where fancy'd Freedom waits the winning Chain!

Varying from Pangs to visionary Joys,

Sweet is the Fate, and charms, as it destroys!

Say then, — if Love to sudden Rage, gives way,

Will the soft Passion not resume its Sway?

164 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Charming, and charm'd, can Love from Love re-
tire ?

Can a cold Convent quench th' unwilling Fire ?
Precept, if human, may our Thoughts refine,
More we admire ! but cannot prove divine.



The

The C H O I C E.

To Mr. JOHN DYER, of Aber-
glasney in Carmarthenshire.

By AARON HILL, Esq;

WHILE charm'd, on *Aberglasney's* quiet Plains,
The Muses, and their Empress, court your
Strains,

Tir'd of the noisy Town, so lately try'd,
Methinks, I see you smile, on *Towy's* Side!
Pensive, her mazy Wand'rings you unwind,
And, on your River's Margin, calm your Mind.
Oh! — Greatly blest'd! — whate'er your Fate re-
quires,

Your ductile Wisdom tempers your Desires!

M 3

Balanç'd

166 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Balanc'd within, you look Abroad, serene,
And, marking both Extremes, pass clear, between.

Oh! cou'd your lov'd Example teach your Skill,
And, as it moves my Wonder, mend my Will!
Calm wou'd my Passions grow ; — my Lot wou'd
please ;

And my sick Soul might *think* itself to Ease !
But, to the Future, while I strain my Eye,
Each present Good slips, undistinguish'd, *by*.
Still, what I *wou'd*, contends with what I *can*,
And my wild Wishes leap the Bounds of Man.

If in my Pow'r it lies to limit Hope,
And my unchain'd Desires can fix a Scope,
This were my *Choice* — Oh ! Friend ! pronounce me
poor :

For I have Wants, which Wealth can never cure !

Let

Let Others, with a narrow'd Stint of Pride,
 In selfish Views, a bounded Hope divide :
 If I must wish at all, — Desires are free,
 High, as the Highest, I wou'd wish to be !
 Then might I, sole supreme, act, unconfin'd,
 And with unbounded Influence, bless Mankind.
 Mean is that Soul, whom it's own Good can fill !
 A prosp'rous *World*, alone, cou'd feast my Will.
 He's *poor*, at best, who other's Misery sees,
 And wants the wish'd-for Pow'r to give 'em Ease !
 A Glory this, unreach'd, but on a *Throne* !
All were enough — And, less than *All*, is *none* !

This my first Wish — But, since 'tis wild, and vain,
 To grasp at glitt'ring Clouds, with fruitless Pain,
 More safely low, let my next Prospect be,
 And Life's mild Ev'ning this fair Sunset see.

168 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Far from a *Lord's* loath'd Neighbourhood, — A
State !

Whose *little* Greatness is a Pride I hate !

On some lone Wild, shou'd my large House be plac'd,
Vastly surrounded by a healthful Waste !

Steril, and coarse, the untry'd Soil shou'd be,
Till forc'd to flourish, and subdu'd by me.

Seas, Woods, Meads, Mountains, Gardens, Streams,
and Skies,

Shou'd, with a changeful Grandeur, charm my Eye

Where-e'er I walk'd, Effects of my past Pains,
Shou'd plume the Mountain Tops, and paint the
Plains.

Greatly obscure, and shunning Courts, or Name :

Widely befriended, but escaping Fame ;

Peaceful, in studious Quiet, wou'd I live,

Lie hid, for Leisure, and grow Rich, to give !

To Dr. WOODWARD.

By Mr. THOMAS COOKE.

SOME to enhance a Friend or Patron's Fame,
Borrow a *Grecian* or a *Roman* Name ;
How oft has *Tully* with such Views been rais'd !
And modern Quacks in *Galen's* Name been prais'd !
Let me the just and nobler Task pursue,
To give Applause to whom Applause is due.
Let *Galen Galen*, *Ætius Ætius*, be,
To mention Either is to lessen Thee.

Should ever Fortune dart a kindly Ray,
To crown my Studies with a happier Day ;

Might

170 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Might no intruding Cares my Thoughts molest ;
 And should the Muse reign stronger in my Breast ;
 Thy learned Precepts should my Genius guide,
 And thou the Guardian o'er my Song preside.
 Then to the wondring World I wou'd disclose,
 In Words beyond the feebl'r Pow'r of Prose,
 The Wreck of Nature, the prodigious Day,
 When Adamantine Rocks dissolv'd away ;
 When the *Leviathan* was Lord of All,
 And roll'd the Monarch of the melted Ball.

Nor should the Muse the ardent Work decline,
 Would'st thou assist the Poet's great Design,
 Through unfrequented Paths her Flight to wing,
 Where never Muse before would dare to sing ;
 She, with the Morning Sun, should mount the Sky,
 And round the Globe, in Search of Knowledge, fly.
 Boldly she wou'd the glorious Race pursue,
 And by thy Doctrines trace all Nature through ;

Whence

and TRANSLATIONS. 171

Whence the loud Thunders roar, and Zephyrs blow,
And forked Lightnings fright the World below ;
Travel the various Seasons of the Year ;
Describe the great Abyss, that liquid Sphere ;
The Source of Rivers, and whence Fountains rise,
What drains their Springs, and what their Springs
supplies ;

Whence Plants receive their vegetable Birth ;
And whence the dread Convulsions of the Earth.
Thus should the Muse at once instruct, and please ;
But these are Subjects for a Mind at Ease.

May Heav'n thy Life, great Friend of Art, pro-
long,

To find new Subjects for the Poet's Song ;
If Ought in Nature yet unknown there be,
From whom can we expect to know, but Thee ?
'Tis thine alone her Secrets to explore,
And 'tis from what thou'st done we hope for more.

Not

172 *Miscellaneous* POEMS

Nor is thy Soul to this one Gift confin'd,
Thy Study's to improve and blefs Mankind,

And thus a grateful Muse her Tribute pays,
Whose highest Merit is she knows to praise;
Where Worth distinguish'd shines the Muse can see,
Who, proud to tell it, views that Worth in Thee.



To a LADY, on her Descent from
the First Saxon Kings of our
Island.

By AARON HILL, Esq;

THat pow'rful Name, whose princely Mean-
ing shows (flows,
From what high Spring your Blood's rich Current
With needfuls Awe, reminds us of your Race ;
Since Heav'n has stamp'd *Dominion*, on your *Face*.
Still, in your sov'reign Form, distinctly live
All Royal Rights your Father-Kings cou'd give :
In your commanding *Air*, we mark their State,
In your sweet *Words*, their Wisdom, and their
Weight ;
Warm, in your gen'rous *Breast*, their Courage lies,
And all their Power, and Mercy, in your *Eyes*.

An

*An APOLOGY to BRILLANTE,
for having long omitted writing to
her in Verse. In Imitation of
Anacreon.*

*By Mr. SAVAGE, Son of the late
Earl RIVERS.*

CAN I matchless Charms recite ?
Source of ever-springing Light !
Cou'd I count the vernal Flowers,
Count in endless Time the Hours ;
Count the countless Stars above,
Count the captive Hearts of Love ;
Paint the Torture of his Fire,
Paint the Pangs those Eyes inspire !

(Pleasing

(Pleasing Torture, thus to shine,
Purified by Fires like Thine!)
Then I'd strike the sounding String!
Then I'd thy Perfection sing.

Mystic World! —Thou *something More!*
Wonder of th' Almighty's Store!
Nature's Depths we oft descry,
Oft They're pierc'd by *Learning's Eye* ;
Thou, if *Thought* on *Thee* wou'd gain,
Prov'st (like Heav'n) Enquiry vain.
Charms unequall'd we pursue!
Charms in shining Throngs we view!
Number'd then cou'd *Nature's* be,
Nature's self were *poor* to *Thee*.



HORACE *to* LYDIA. *Imitated.*

By AARON HILL, *Esq;*

I.

TIS barb'rous, *Lydia!* thus to toy;
 To try Conclusions, thus, with Lovers Hearts;
 Thus, Chymist-like, transmute our Woe to Joy,
 Digest, sublime, fix Passions, or destroy!
 As *hotter* Fires, or *colder*, you employ.
 When the soft Arm of *Telephus* you praise,
 Or, wantonly malicious, feign to gaze,
 On that white Bosom, which a thousand Ways,
 The Love-caught Fool, grown vain, by seeming
 Chance displays;
 While You, and He, with different View,
 Deceitful, art-directed Aims pursue,

(And

and TRANSLATIONS. 177

(And You, and He, *Both* pleas'd with trifling too;
You, that his Hopes you cheat, and *He*, that he
cheats You!)

I, all the while enrag'd at what I see,
Enrag'd, that Love not only *blind* shou'd be,
But *mad* enough to think, that none *sees* more than
He ;

Feel my swell'd Liver burn with hot Disdain!
Sit still, and curse my shameful Pain,
Curse Love, and all his Votaries in vain,
Grow mad, and pale, and sick ; and die, and live
again !

II.

Fool that I am, I know as well as she,
She loves this Rival Fool no more than me !
As well as she, I know, that all that Fire,
This counterfeited Show of rais'd Desire,
Is but a common Trick, a fond Design,
To make Love's Flame thro' his weak Bosom shine,
And Jealousy thro' mine !

N

I know

178 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

I know all this, and know the Triumph too,
 The cruel Pleasure which will give her Pride,
 To gain the Point her Vanities pursue;
 And see her Arrows pierce my stubborn Side;
 Yet such are Woman's Pow'rs,
 Or, so deficient Ours,
 That, tho' I mark before my Eyes the Fate,
 Which most I shun, and hate,
 Spite of my self, my Will does Passions wild Horfe
 ride,
 And Love's loose Bark fails swift down Folly's frothy
 Tide!

Oft, ev'n unsummon'd Tears officious rise,
 And glare with wat'ry Promptness in my Eyes,
 When his bold Arm your milky Neck invests,
 Or his rap'd Fingers meet your rising Breasts;
 Then the salt Stream does its hot Course begin;
 Hot as the hidden Fires that scorch my Soul within!

III.

But when at last embolden'd by Delights,
Kissing in *Extacy*, your Cheek he bites !
And (poor, indulg'd, unthinking Youth !)
Crys, *Thus ! I stamp my Mark of Truth !*
Good-night, mistaken foolish Fair, I cry,

I shall not this time die !

How happy 'tis for Man, that Heav'n inclin'd,
At once to give you *Pow'r*, and make you *kind*,
Yet, since I *lov'd*, methinks, before I go,

Good Counsel is the least I owe ;

Think therefore with your usual Wit,

What you may learn by being *bit* ;

Think how severe the *Pains* he gives must be,
Whose very *Kisses* left those Marks we see.



To AARON HILL, *Esq;* *the Au-*
thor of King Henry the Fifth.

By Mr. CONCANEN.

With modern Strains and tuneful Trifles tir'd,
Poetick Charms my Soul no longer fir'd;
No more I rais'd my Voice in faint Essays,
Nor strove to mimick what I could not praise:
Till yours appear'd, with ev'ry Grace endu'd,
Gave true Delight, and my old Flame renew'd.
Fresh Raptures to my Mind your Scenes infuse;
Teach Verse to charm, and rouse the sleeping Muse;
Who, starting from her Trance, addresses you,
Her First-fruit Off'rings are at least your Due.

and TRANSLATIONS. 181

So teach the rising Larks — the warbling Throng
First hail the Sun, who wak'd them to the Song.

SHAKESPEAR, whom All admire, Few under-
stand,

By others marr'd, comes mended from your Hand,
What higher Praise can wait upon your Thoughts,
Than that his Beauties are esteem'd your Faults ?
High was that Chief in Classic Tale renown'd,
Who made *Rome* Marble, which he Brick-work
found :

Nor less your Fame which from this Piece is told,
You found it Copper, and you made it Gold.

Accept this Homage which a Stranger pays,
Unconscious who it is deserves his Praise ;
Who feels his Heart with Admiration glow,
Nor knows the wondrous Man who charms him so.
Since thus the fam'd *Athenian's* Zeal was shown,
Who built an Altar to the *God unknown*.

To Lady E—H—.

By CLIO.

IT was not, that I lost Direction ;
 Nor is it, that I want Affection ;
 No—To be silent I submitted,
 Because I found myself outwitted :
 You contrive all Ways to spite me,
 You outlook me, and outwrite me :
 Did I teach you all my Graces,
 All the Muse's different Paces ;
 In *Heroicks* to be bounding,
 With Expressions high, and sounding,
 In sweet *Lyricks* how to amble,
 Or in airy *Odes* to ramble :

Did

Did I not the Art discover,
 How, in Verse, to *hunt* a Lover !
 How, agreeably, to wind him,
 And in pleasing Fetters bind him,
 So that Beauty cou'd not steal him,
 Wit, nor Wine, nor Musick heal him ;
 For a *Pen's* a Magic Wand-a,
 Govern'd by so fair a Hand-a ;
 And the Bosom, so gallanted,
 May be said to be *enchanted*.

'Ts not Face, as fair as Lilly,
Chalky Lady, looking *silly*,
 That can hold a Lover to it,
 'Tis alone the *Female Poet* ;
 Still in different Forms appearing,
 To divert the Eye and Hearing ;
 And inspire the ravish'd Gazer
 To adore her, and to praise her :

184 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Not the Vapour that does lead us
By its Light o'er dewy Meadows,
Makes its Followers rage, and fret-a,
Half so much as a Coquet-a.

We're a Sort of Midnight Witches,
Men are our obedient Switches ;
Is it not a pretty Scene-a,
To behold this large Machin-a ?
Call'd the Lords of the Creation,
Ganders, drove by Inclination !
Oh ! I hate the wretched Victors,
Fancy fain wou'd paint their Pictures :
I cou'd hiss these hideous Heroes,
Slaves before — and after, *Neroes*.
Now my Pen shall play *Vandike-a*,
And, with deathless Colours, strike-a.

Sighing, fending, sadly sobbing,
Leering, like a Thief a-robbing ;

Silly,

and TRANSLATIONS. 185

Silly, faunt'ring, solitary,
Left their Lying shou'd miscarry :
By a bubbling Stream complaining,
Staring, stamping, Stars arraigning!
Languid, lolling, picking Daizy,
Or a Straw, like People crazy !
No Dog, dancing, can exceed 'em,
You may drive 'em, or may lead 'em.

One of yours, of all the Throng-a,
Is the Fav'rite of my Song-a ;
Wit enough for all the Others,
Flower, and Pearl, of younger Brothers.
Still, in Verse, may he address you,
And, on ev'ry Tree, confess you !
Till his Penknife spare no Bark-a,
In his noble Brother's Park-a.
May ev'ry Eccho sigh your Name,
And ev'ry Puppy yelp the same,

While

186 *Miscellaneous* POEMS

While the flying Hare pursuing,
Mourning so their Master's Ruin ;
Who hunts *you* through ev'ry Turning,
With his Passion, and his Learning.

To Both I wish a good Success,
And this Letter in the Press ;
Which for Wit, deserves a Name-a,
In the brazen Book of Fame-a.



An EPISTLE *to Mrs. OLDFIELD*
of the Theatre Royal.

By Mr. SAVAGE, Son of the late
Earl RIVERS.

WHile to your Charms unequal Verse I raise,
Aw'd, I admire, and tremble as I praise.
Here Art and Genius new Refinement need,
List'ning, they gaze, and, as they gaze, recede!
Can Art, or Genius, or their Pow'rs combin'd,
But from *corporeal Organs*, sketch the *Mind*?
When *Sound* embody'd can with *Shape* surprize,
The Muse may emulate your Voice and Eyes.

Mark

188 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Mark rival Arts Perfection's Point pursue!
 Each rivals Each, but to excel in You!
 The *Buste* and *Medal* bear the *meaning Face*,
 And the proud *Statue* adds the *Posture's* Grace!
 Imag'd *at length*, the bury'd *Heroine*, known,
 Still seems to wound, to smile, or frown in Stone!
 As Art wou'd Art, or Mettal Stone surpass;
Her Soul strikes, gleaming, thro' *Corinthian* Brass!
 Serene, the *Saint* in smiling Silver shines,
 And *Cherubs* weep in Gold o'er fainted Shrines!
 If long-lost Forms from *Raphael's* Pencil glow,
 Wondrous in Warmth the mimic Colours flow!
 Each Look, each Attitude, new Grace displays;
 Your Voice and Motion Life and Music raise.

Thus *Cleopatra* in your Charms refines;
 She lives, she speaks, with Force improv'd she shines!
 Fair, and more fair, you ev'ry Grace transmit;
 Love, Learning, Beauty, Elegance, and Wit.

Cæsar,

and TRANSLATIONS. 189

Cæsar, the World's unrival'd Master, fir'd,
In her Imperial Soul, his Own admir'd !
Philippi's Victor wore her winning Chain,
And felt not Empire's Loss in Beauty's Gain.
Cou'd the pale Heroes your bright Influence know,
Or catch the silver Accents as they flow,
Drawn from dark Rest by your enchanting Strain,
Each Shade were lur'd to Life and Love again.

Say, sweet Inspirer ! were each Annal known,
What living Greatness shines there not your Own ?
If the griev'd Muse by some lov'd Empress rose,
New Strength, new Grace, It to your Influence owes !
If Pow'r by War distinguish'd Height reveals,
Your nobler Pride the Wounds of Fortune heals !
Then cou'd an *Empire's* Cause demand your Care,
The Soul, that *justly thinks*, wou'd *greatly dare*.

Long has *feign'd Venus* mock'd the Muse's Praise,
You dart, divine *Ophelia* ! *genuine Rays* !

Warm

190 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Warm thro' those Eyes enliv'ning Raptures roll !
Sweet thro' each striking Feature streams your Soul !
The *Soul's* bright *Meanings* heighten *Beauty's* Fires :
Your Looks, your Thoughts, your Deeds, each
Grace inspires !

Know then, if rank'd with Monarchs, here you
stand,

What Fate declines, you from the Muse demand !
Each Grace that shone of Old in each fam'd Fair,
Or may in Modern Dames Refinement wear ;
What-e'er just, emulative Thoughts pursue,
Is all *confirm'd*, is all *ador'd* in *You* !
If Godlike Bosoms pant for Pow'r to bless,
If 'tis a Monarch's Glory to redress ;
In conscious Majesty you shine serene,
In Thought a Heroine, and in Act a Queen.

The

*The Invitation from a Coun-
try Cottage.*

By CLIO.

CLOSE to the Fire-side confin'd,
By the cold Fogs, and piercing Wind,
Bless'd with my Dog, and Peace of Mind. }
The chearful Rusticks all sit round,
Whose careful Hands improve the Ground,
After the Labour of the Day,
Upon the clean-swept Hearth, and play ;
The well-used Pack of Cards was found,
Grown soil'd with often dealing round ;
No Ceremony, here, they use,
But frankly wrangle, when they lose ;

The

192 *Miscellaneous* POEMS

The Hand that deals to all the rest,
Returns not back to *Colin's* Breast,
As among finer Gamesters seen,
Nor is the Table lin'd with Green,
But a plain, honest, cleanly Board,
Such as these humble Shades afford :
No Gold upon the Table shines,
But Chalk the homely Game confines ;
Some Lad, more am'rous than the rest,
Sings a sad Ditty to their Guest,
Of some false Damfel, most ingrate,
Or melancholly *Bateman's* Fate.
Believe, it pleases me, my Friend,
To see the artless Tears descend ;
Their Eyes, that ne'er were *taught* to grieve,
Their Hearts, which nat'ral Passions heave,
Show lovely Nature all undress'd,
And charm my undesigning Breast ;
O ! come, my Friend, and see *one* Place,
Where all Things wear an honest Face.

The Picture of Love.

By AARON HILL, *Esq;*

LOVE is a Passion, by no Rules confin'd,
The great, first Mover of the humane Mind!
Spring of our Fate, It lifts the climbing Will,
Or sinks the soften'd Soul in Seas of *Ill*.
Science, Truth, Virtue, Sweetness, Glory, Grace,
All are Love's Influence, and adorn his Race;
Love, too, gives Fear, Despair, Grief, Anger, Strife.
And all th' unnumber'd Woes which *tempest* Life.

Fir'd by a daring Wish to paint him right,
What Muse shall I invoke to lend me Light?

O

Something

194 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Something *Divine* there lives in Love's soft Flame,
Beyond our Spirit's Power to give it Name!
How shou'd I paint it then? — Or, why reveal
A Pleasure, and a Pain, which *All* must *feel*?

Soul of thy Sex's *Sweetness*! aid my Hope!
Pride of my Reason! and my Passion's Scope!
Thou, whose least Motion does Delight inspire!
And whose sweet Eye-beams shed Cœlestial Fire!
Thou, at whose Heav'n-tun'd Voice the Dead might
wake;

And from whose *Face* we fatal Learning take!
Teach me thy Godlike Power the Heart to move,
Smile on my Verse, and *look* the World to *Love*.

Far, ye *Prophane*! from my chaste Subject fly!
Nor stain its Brightness with a tainted Eye:
What, if a thousand Woes the *Wanton* prove,
Whose Earth-born Heat usurps the Name of Love?

Lovers,

and TRANSLATIONS. 195

Lovers, *indeed*, are cast in no coarse Mold,
How Few have yet been form'd, tho' *Time's* grown
old!

No wild Desire can this proud Bliss bestow,
Souls must be *match'd* in Heav'n, tho' mix'd below:

As Fire, by Nature, climbs direct, and bright,
And beams, in spotless Rays, a shining Light;
But if some gross Obstruction stops its Way,
Smokes in low Curls, and scents the sullied Day:
So Love (itself untainted, and refin'd)
Borrows a *Tincture* from the colour'd Mind:
The Great grow Greater, while its Force they prove,
But little Hearts want Room, and *cripple* Love.

Cautious, ye Fated! who frequent the Fair!
Your Breasts examine, nor too rashly *dare*!
Curb your untrusted Hearts, while yet they're free,
Love is resistless, when you feel 'tis *He*.

196 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Small is the Soul's *first* Wound, from Beauty's Dart,
 And scarce th' unheeded Fever warms the Heart;
 Long we mistake it under *Liking's* Name,
 A soft *Indulgence*, that deserves no Blame!
 A Pleasure, we but take to do *Her* right,
 Whose Presence charms us, and whose Words delight!
 Whose sweet Remembrance broods upon our Breast,
 And whose dear Friendship is with Pride possess'd.

Excited thus, the smother'd Fire, at length,
 Bursts into Blaze, and burns with open Strength:
 This Image, which, before, but sooth'd the Mind,
 Now, *lords* it there, and rages unconfin'd:
 Mixing with all our Thoughts, It wastes the Day,
 And, when Night comes, It dreams the Soul away:
 Pungent Impatience tingles in each Vein,
 And the sick Bosom throbs with aking Pain:

Absent

Absent from Her, in whom alone we live,
Life grows a Bankrupt, and no Bliss can give :
Friends are importunate, and Pleasures lost,
What once most charm'd us, now, disgusts us most :
Frerful, to silent Solitude we run,
And Men, and Light, and noisy Converse shun :
Pensive, in Woods, on Rivers' Sides, we walk,
And to unlist'ning Winds and Waters talk :
How next we shall approach her, pleas'd, we weigh,
And think, in Transport, all we mean to say :
Thus will we, bowing tenderly, complain,
Thus court her Pity, and thus plead our Pain.
Thus sigh, at fancy'd Frowns, if Frowns shou'd rise,
And thus, meet Favours in her soft'ning Eyes.

Restless, on Paper, we our Vows repeat,
And pour our Souls out on the missive Sheet :
Write, blot, restore, and in lost Pieces rend
The mute Entreaters, yet too *faint* to send :

198 *Miscellaneous* POEMS

Unblest'd, when no Admission we procure,
 'Tis Heav'n, at Distance, — to discern her Door!
 Or, to her Window, we by Night repair,
 And let loose Fancy to be feasted there;
 Watch her lov'd Shadow, as It glances by,
 And to imagin'd Motions chain our Eye.
 Has she some Field, or Grove, or Garden blest'd?
 Pleas'd, we re-tread the Paths her Feet have press'd:
 Near her, by Chance, at Visits, or at Plays,
 Our rushing Spirits crowd, in speaking Gaze:
 Light, on her varied Airs, her Eye-balls ride,
 Blind, as the Dead, to the full World beside.

Enrich'd, by some kind Letter from her Hand,
 The cherish'd Flame is into Madness fann'd:
 Trembling, we half devour the sacred Prize,
 And lend our Lips, and Thoughts, to aid our Eyes:
 No wild Extravagance of Joy too much,
 For ought once warm'd by her enliv'ning Touch.

These

These are the sweet Effusions of Desire,
 When Absence wounds us, or when Wishes fire :
 But when, in Person, we our Prayers address,
 Who can the Tumults of the Soul express ?
 Boundless Desire, aw'd Hope, and doubtful Joy,
 Stormy, by Turns, the *veering* Heart employ :
 Sick'ning, in Fancy's Sunshine, now, we faint,
 And Licence wounds us deeper than Restraint !
 Fix'd in her opening Door, surpriz'd, we stay,
 Dumb, and depriv'd of All, we wish'd to say :
 Our Eyes flash Meanings, but our rooted Feet
 Pause—till due Reverence faints the hallow'd Heat ;
 Soft Tremblings seize us, and a gentle Dread !
 Speechless our Thought ! and all our Courage fled !

Slowly reviving, we, from Love's short Trance,
 Softly, with blushful Tendernefs, advance.
 Bowing, we kneel, and her given Hand is press'd,
 With sweet Compulsion, to our beating Breast :

200 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

O'er it, in Exstasy, our Lips bend low,
 And Tides of Sighs, 'twixt her grasp'd Fingers flow.
 High beats the hurried Pulse, at each forc'd Kiss,
 And every burning Sinew akes with Bliss.
 Life, in a souly Deluge, rushes o'er,
 And the charm'd Heart springs out, at every Pore,

The first fierce Rapture of Amazement past,
 We *see*— we *hear* Her—and Desire grows fast:
 We *gaze*,— and while Her powerful Beauties rise,
 A humid Brightness sparkles from her Eyes:
 Modest Disquiet every Action wears,
 And each long Look the Mark of Passion bears:
 Disorder'd Nature no cold *Medium* keeps,
 Transport now reigns, and dull Reflection sleeps:
 All, that we wish, or feel, or act, or say,
 Is above *Thought*, and out of *Reason's* way:
 Joy murmurs, Anger laughs, and Hope looks sad,
 Rashness grows prudent, and Discretion mad:

Rest.

Restless, we feel our am'rous Bosom burn,
Now, this way look we, now, that way turn:
Now, in sweet Swell of Thought, our lifted Eyes
Lose their low Languor, and attempt to rise:
Now, sinking suppliant, seek the Charmer's Feet,
And court wish'd Pity, in their glanc'd Retreat:
Oft, in fix'd Gaze, they dwell upon her Face,
Then start, astonish'd, from some dazzling Grace;
Now, in bold Liberty, fly out, unbid,
Now, aw'd, 'scape inward, 'twixt the closing Lid:

When we dare *spe*ak, our Purpose to pursue,
The Words fall feath'ry, like descending Dew:
The softning Accents, ev'n, in Utterance, die,
And the Tongue's Sweetness, here, outcharms the
Eye:

Till Sighs, unsummon'd, Sense, and Voice, confound,
But Lovers Meanings *spe*ak, tho' robb'd of *Sound*.

Is

202 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Is there no more? — Oh, yet, the Last remains!
 Crown of our Conquest, Sweetner of our Pains!
 There is a Time, when Love no Wish denies,
 And smiling Nature throws off all Disguise:
 But who can Words to speak those Raptures, find:
 Vast Sea of Extacy, that drowns the Mind,
 That fierce Transfusion of exchanging Hearts!
 That gliding Glimpse of Heav'n, in pulsive Starts!
 That Rush of Joy! That wild tumultuous Roll!
 That Fire! that kindles *Body* into *Soul*!
 And, on Life's Margin, strains Delight so high,
 That Sense breaks short — and while we *taste*, we die.

By Love's soft Force all Nature is refin'd,
 The Dull made sprightly, and the Cruel kind:
 Gently our stubborn Passions learn to move,
 And savage Hearts are humaniz'd by Love:
 Love, in a Chain of Converse bound Mankind,
 And polish'd and awak'd the rugged Mind.

Pity,

and TRANSLATIONS. 203

Pity, Truth, Justice, Openness of Heart,
Courage, Politeness, Eloquence, and Art,
The gen'rous Fire, with which Ambition flames,
And all th' unsleeping Soul's divinest Aims,
Touch'd by the Warmth of Love, burn up more bright,
Proud of the Godlike Power to give Delight.

Thus have I vainly try'd, with Strokes too faint,
Love, in his known and outward Marks, to paint,
Forgetful, that, of Old, they *veil'd* his Face,
And wisely *cover'd*, what they cou'd not *trace*.

Lovely Creator of my Soul's soft Pain !
Pity the Pencil that aspir'd in vain!
Vers'd in Love's Pangs, and taught his Pow'r by You,
Skill'd, I presum'd, that what I felt, I drew :
But I have err'd ; and with delirious Aim
Wou'd picture *Motion*, and imprison *Flame* ;
He, who can Lightning's Flash to Colours bind,
May paint Loves Influence on the Lover's Mind ;
Then,

204 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Then, when we *govern*, and can give him Law,
 Then may we chain him, and his Image draw :
 But who wou'd bind this God, must captive take
 A Power, which all Mankind can Captives make :
 I am too weak of Heart — Yet, I can tell
 Those, who *dare* seek him, Where he loves to dwell :
 I see him *now* — In his *own* *Heav'n* he lies,
 Close at sweet Ambush in *Miranda's* *Eyes*,



V E R S E S

VERSES, *occasioned by reading*
Mr. AARON HILL'S POEM,
call'd GIDEON.

By Mr. SAVAGE, Son of the late
Earl RIVERS.

I.

LET other Poets poorly sing
Their Flatt'ries to the *vulgar Great!*
Her airy Flight let wand'ring Fancy wing,
And rival Nature's most luxuriant Store,
To swell some Monster's Pride, who shames a
State,
Or form a Wreath to crown tyrannic Power!
Thou, who inform'd'st this Clay with active Fire!
Do Thou, supreme of Pow'rs! my Thoughts refine,
And

206 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

And with thy purest Heat my Soul inspire,
 That with *Hillarius'* Worth my Verse may shine!
 As thy lov'd *Gideon* once set *Israel* free,
 So He with sweet, seraphic Lays
 " *Redeems the Use of captive Poetry,*
 Which first was form'd to speak thy glorious
 Praise!

II.

Moses, with an enchanting Tongue,
Pharoah's just Overthrow sublimely sung!
 When *Saul* and *Jonathan* in Death were laid,
 Surviving *David* felt the soft'ning Fire!
 And by the Great Almighty's tuneful Aid,
 Wak'd into endless Life his mournful Lire.
 Their different Thoughts met in *Hillarius'* Song,
 Roll in one Channel more divinely strong!
 With *Pindar's* Fire his Verse's Spirit flies,
 " *Wafted in charming Musick thro' the Air!*
 Unstop'd by Clouds, *It reaches to the Skies,*

And

And join'd with Angels' Hallelujahs there,
Flows mix'd, and sweetly strikes th' Almighty's Ear!

III.

Rebels shou'd blush when They his *Gideon* see!
That *Gideon*, born to set his Country free.
O, that such Heroes in each Age might rise,
Bright'ning thro' Vapours like the Morning Star,
Gen'rous in Triumph, and in Council wise!
Gentle in Peace, but terrible in War!

IV.

When *Gideon*, *Oreb*, *Hiram*, *Shimron* shine
Fierce in the Blaze of War as they engage!
Great Bard! What Energy, but Thine,
Cou'd reach the vast Description of their Rage?
Or, when to cruel Foes betray'd,
Sareph and *Hamar* call for Aid,
Lost, and bewilder'd in Despair,

How

208 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

How piercing are the hapless Lover's Cries?
 What tender Strokes in melting Accents rise?
 Oh, what a Master-piece of Pity's there?
 Nor goodly *Joash* shows thy Sweetness less,
 When, like kind Heav'n, he frees 'em from Distress!

X.

Hail Thou, whose Verse, a living Image, shines,
 In *Gideon's* Character your own you drew!

As there the graceful Patriot shines,
 We in that Image bright *Hillarius* view!
 Let the low Crowd, who love unwholsom Fare;
 When in thy Words the Breath of Angels flows,
 Like gross-fed Spirits sick, in purer Air,
 Their earthy Souls by their dull Taste disclose!

Thy dazzling Genius shines too bright!
 And they, like Spectres, shun the Streams of Light.
 But while in Shades of Ignorance they stray,
 Round Thee Rays of Knowledge play,
 “ *And show Thee glitt’ring in abstracted Day.*

N. B. The Lines mark'd thus “ are taken from *Gideon*.

To

To *Mr.* JOHN DYER, of Carmarthenshire.

By CLIO.

I've done thy Merit and my Friendship Wrong,
In holding back my Gratitude so long ;
The Soul is, sure, to equal Transport rais'd,
That justly praises, or is justly prais'd :
The Gen'rous, only, can this Pleasure know,
Who taste the Godlike Vertue — to *bestow* !
I ev'n grow rich, methinks, while I commend,
And *feel* the very Praises which I send.
Nor Jealousy, nor female Envy find,
Tho' All the Muses are to *Dyer* kind.

Sing on, nor let your modest Fears retard,
 Whose Verse and Pencil join, to force Reward:
 Your Claim demands the Bays, in double Wreath,
 Your Poems *lighten*, and your Pictures *breathe*.

I wish to praise you, but your Beauties wrong,
 No Theme looks green, in *Clio's* artless Song:
 But Yours will an eternal Verdure wear,
 For *Dyer's* fruitful Soul will flourish there.
 My humbler Lot was in low Distance laid;
 I was, oh, hated Thought! a Woman made;
 For household Cares, and empty Trifles meant,
 The *Name* does Immortality prevent.
 Yet, let me stretch, beyond my Sex, my *Mind*,
 And, rising, leave the flutt'ring Train behind;
 Nor Art, nor Learning, wish'd Assistance lends,
 But Nature, Love, and Musick, are my Friends.

On a Blank Leaf of COLIN'S Mis-
takes, in GLIO'S Window.

By AARON HILL, Esq;

I.

Colin! — in easy Flow of hum'rous Verse,
'Tis own'd, thou dost a thousand Pens excel :
But thy trite Thoughts no streamy Strength disperse,
And thou, methinks, at best, but triflest well !

II.

'Tis *one* of thy Mistakes, so low to chuse,
As from Old Stores, to steal a beaten Praise :
Strip the torn Robe from *Grecia's* aged Muse,
And, with the dusty Trophy, veil thy Bays !

III.

Nothing delights the Lovely, and the Wise,
 But meaning Nature, and pathetick Force!
 Beauty discerns a Flatt'rer's thin Disguise,
 Nor owns the Picture, where the Paint's too
 coarse !

IV.

Oh ! didst thou live, That *Clio* to adore,
 Whose Angel-Eyes here bless thy erring Wit,
 Inspir'd, as never Muse inspir'd before,
 Thou would'st have *charm'd*, where, now, thou hast
 but *writ*.

V.

Taught, by *her* Power, to feel the Passion strong,
 Thou hadst disdain'd the devious Turns of Art,
Look'd — and *improv'd* — and drawn the moving
 Song,
 Not from thy mimick Mem'ry, but thy *Heart*.

On LADY CHUDLEIGH.

By CLIO.

Methinks I see, yet weeping o'er her Cell,
The Vertues, in her Breast once known to
dwell.

Apollo mourns not for a *Son*, so long,
Great are their Numbers, and their Force is strong:
But this soft Fav'rite, of the gentler Kind,
Scarce left Her Likeness, in Her Sex, behind.
Man look'd with Envy, and laid Learning by,
And let his useles Books neglected lie:
Her inborn Genius ask'd no foreign Aid,
A Muse may be *improv'd*, but never *made*.

214 *Miscellaneous* POEMS

Goodness still soften'd her superior Sense,
 She knew nor Affectation nor Offence.
 She check'd the Reins of Wit, and wou'd confine
 Her brighter Thoughts, to let Another's shine.
 Scandal, that common Shade of Womankind,
 Dimm'd not the Candor of her glitt'ring Mind.
 Not on her Friends alone she smil'd, but Those,
 Whom Ignorance, or Envy, made her Foes,
 Her Soul and Body seem'd unfitly join'd ;
 The Frame so weak, so nobly strong the Mind !
 But, when she languid, and more feeble grew,
 The ill-cas'd Diamond seem'd to sparkle through.
 As if it struggled for it's native Light,
 And scorn'd th' adhering Earth, that clogg'd its
 Flight.



The

The Mutiny at Cartha.
From the 7th Book of GIDEON:
An EPIC POEM; not yet publish'd.

By AARON HILL, Esq;

Night's silent Influence, hushing Care to Rest,
Had, now, the wearied Legions well re-
fresh'd ;

Slow, from the East, arose the blushing Dawn,
And Heaven's reluctant Veil was half undrawn :
While *Gideon* on a Scheme of *Wonders* bent,
In active Stillness mus'd within his Tent.
Sad, with Reflection, on his Country's Woes,
His Eyes, disdaining Rest, refus'd to close.
While Thousands, safe in his Protection, slept,
He wak'd for *Israel*, and her Miseries wept ;

216 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Not, thro' Distrust of Heaven's unfailing Aid,
Midian's proud Menaces he lightly weigh'd,
 But griev'd his Country's Crimes, with conscious
 Fear,
 Least Guilt shou'd make Deliv'rance cost too dear.

Thus, while engulph'd in Seas of swelling
 Thought,
 His lab'ring Mind revolv'd the impending Fate,
 And some short Course to Safety vainly sought,
 Press'd by his troubled Host's endanger'd State;
 Suddenly he hears a *Clarion's* trembling Note,
 Thro' the rent Air in starting Ecchoes flote:
 Near, and more near, th' advancing Calls increas'd,
 Then, flourishing abrupt, high-sounding, ceas'd,

At the Tent Door, the careful *Phurah* lay,
 And, waking, started at the Sight of Day;
 Shook, from his Eye-lids, the Remains of Rest,
 And chas'd Sleep's Languor from his beating Breast:

To

To him thus *Gideon*—Haste, and let me know,
From what new Cause yon Trumpet's Summons
springs!

Some threat'ning Motion of th' impatient Foe,
Or Doubt deceives me, or this Morning brings!

Obedient *Phurah* scarce had left the Tent,
E'er he, amaz'd, returning *Nathan* meets,
Who swift Admission to his Lord entreats:
Brought to the expecting Presence, low he bent,
And, sighing mournful, gave his Anguish vent.

Favour'd of Heaven! 'tis thy blest Hand alone,
That *Israel's* angry God vouchsafes to own!
Where *Thou* art present, all Things prosp'rous flow,
Thou *absent*, ebbing Fortune seeks the Foe:
Unequal to Designs, inspir'd by Thee,
On *Reuben's* Confines left, I strove with Care,
Thy weighty Orders well obey'd to see,
And Arms, and Stores, in every Tribe, prepare;
But

218 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

But as malicious Tongues our Loss had spread,
And told returning *Midian's* threat'ning Aim,
Each rising Hope sunk back in swallowing Dread,
And Love of Safety Glory overcame.

On all Sides round me general Uproar rose,
Gideon, they cry'd, provok'd, and wrong'd our
Foes,

Let *Gideon*, singly, bear his Folly's Weight,
Why shou'd one rash Man's Guilt involve a State?
In vain my lab'ring Reason strove t' assuage,
By softning Argument o'erpowering Rage :
Deaf to Reproach, Example, Threat'ning, Prayer,
All, for Submission, with one Voice, declare :
Th' impatient Herd, at length, outrageous grew,
And, while I sooth'd them, Stones and Jav'lins,
threw ;

Endanger'd thus, I judg'd it best to fly,
That Thou, inform'd, might'st stronger Influence
try :

Hither

Hither, alham'd and griev'd, I took my Way,
 But saw, confounded, as I pass'd along,
 That round *Bethpara*, *Midian's* Army lay,
 'Twixt us, and *Ophra*, stretch'd, immensely strong:
 Our Passes now, surprizing, they secure,
 And cutting off Retreat, make Ruin sure.
 Their Horse, and light-arm'd Foot, yon Hills sur-
 round,

And press to force you from this fenceful Ground;
 More, which I learn'd from a prevented Post,
 Prince *Oreb's* Army quits the *Tyrian* Coast,
 Appeas'd by News, that *Joash* now was free,
 And *Israel* had commenc'd Hostility:
Agag's successful Arts have calm'd his Mind,
 And Both march on, in mutual Friendship join'd:

Gideon, attentive, heard him, and reply'd,
 This March of *Oreb* 'twill be wise to hide;
 Preserve That secret, till some Means I find,
 To arm with strength'ning Hope the People's Mind:
 The

220 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

The Rest, 'tis needful, that the Host shou'd know,
 Least they, surpriz'd, behold th' advancing Foe ;
 Thy most unwelcome News is *Israel's* Shame !
 Blind to the Hand of Heav'n, and deaf to Fame ;
 Eight Tribes of Twelve, tame, and unactive, stand,
 And see bold Plund'ers waste their Brother's Land:
 Dishonest Indolence ! ignoble Dread !

Yet am I bless'd, their faithless Hearts to know,
 Whom, but for This, I might, deceiv'd, have led,
 More basely yet, to fly before the Foe :
 But 'tis their Nature— Why do I complain ?

Not They, but I, must Victory gain !
 Heav'n bids me an unhappy People save,
 Who never had been lost, if wise and brave !
Nathan, return, with all the Speed of Hope,
 While yet, perhaps, some Pass may give Thee
 Scope ;

In *Ophra*, stor'd, our heap'd Provision lies,
 There, if the wily Foe advances, bold,

and TRANSLATIONS. 121.

Cut off, at once, from all Supplies,
Israel is lost with that important Hold.
Thou, in our Absence, each slow Will provoke,
And every rugged Steep with Care defend,
Firmly assur'd, that no disastrous Stroke
Shall, from my Hands, that fav'rite City rend;
She has my Sword her Guard, and God her Friend.

He said ; and stunn'd with sudden Noise, forbore,
The Camp, on all Sides, rung, with gath'ring Roar ;
As when from far, with loud and frightful Sweep,
Some rising Tempest drives th' o'erwhelming Deep,
Her moving Mountains, bursting on the Shore,
Roll a broad Sea, where Sands were spread before :
Deep in some Cave th' observing Shepherd lies,
Hears the big Wind, and pants with dumb Surprise ;
So, when the Camp's low Hush, and whispering
Hum

Swell'd into Noise, and Mutiny grew proud,

Gideon,

222 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Gideon, and list'ning *Nathan*, Both, seem'd dumb,
And started at a Change so boldly loud.

This was the *Furies* Work! The Toil of Hell!
Envy, Pride, Malice, Hatred, all Night long
Had stirr'd th' uneasy Legions to rebel,
And spread their pois'nous Influence, broad and
strong :

A thousand Shapes th' outrageous Spirits took,
A thousand flaming Brands, high-threat'ning, shook:
In every Face they stamp'd a pale Despair,
And kindled every Breast with burning Care;
To every Eye the Tongueless Twelve they show,
Fresh-bleeding Patterns of impending Woe,
For all must fear *like* Vengeance from the Foe.

Curious, to captive *Shimron*, by Degrees,
Seditious Crowds the lab'ring *Furies* drew;
The haughty Chief with Pride the Concourse sees,
And, frowning, nods severe, at whom he knew:

With

With piercing Glance, examines each Man's Brow,
And, bent on Vengeance, weighs th' important *How!*
Sharp-ey'd *Revenge*, that well discern'd her Time,
Perch'd, blazing, on his Helm, and tower'd sublime;
With fiery Talons irritates his Breast,
And claps her sounding Wings high o'er his Crest.
With more than humane Flame his Eye-balls glare,
And Rage glows horrid over all his Air;
At last, with trembling Voice, he Silence broke,
And, hoarse with Starts of troubled Passion, spoke.

Doom'd to Destruction by no Fault of mine,
Why come ye hither on my Shame to gaze?
What is't to *Me*, that *Gideon's* wild Design
Has sold your Lives, in Thirst of airy Praise?
What is't to *me*, that his Boy-Brother dy'd?
His Angel's boasted Errand urg'd their Fate!
Proud to believe, They, first, the Promise try'd,
And have *bid fair indeed* to free the State!

Deceiv'd

224 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Deceiv'd by flattering Dreams of Heav'nly Aid,
 This *Saviour's* Race their Country have betray'd,
 And I their *Screen*, their *Sacrifice* am made!
 Your new-raisd Gen'ral does, it seems, discern,
 That *Shimron* has his Trade of War to learn!
 What tho' great *Jabin Shimron's* Value knew,
 Tho *Barac* priz'd, and *Sisera* fear'd him too;
 Wife *Gideon's* Foresight far outfathoms These,
 Deep, into Truth, his untry'd Reason sees!
 O Friends! O Countrymen, to Ruin sold!
 With Grief of Heart your Danger I behold:
 Burning for brave Revenge, your Wishes claim
 Some Leader, who might *Midian's* Fury tame;
 But Truth is bold; How can this Man be He,
 Whom God appoints to set a *People* free!
 What Step of His has prosper'd? — scarce with Life
 His hoary Father from his Errand came,
 Sav'd, but by Chance, thro' *Midian's* Civil Strife!
 Next, his rash Brothers were cut off with Shame!

Thousands

Thousands now, Food for Birds and Beasts, lie dead,
By their delusive *Hail from Heav'n* misled!

How then shall *He* find Means to save the State,
Who cou'd not his poor Family defend?

O Friends! — your Disappointment must be great,
If on his fancy'd Angel you depend;

Fly from the threatening Evil, e'er it falls,

And dare but follow, where Discretion calls;

If in the Camp some Chief may yet be found,

Who knows to guide you, chuse him, and obey;

If not, ignobly keep this scanty Ground,

Till *Midian's* Host their Ensigns here display,

And close you, when you wish to march away.

Furious, with one Accord, the clam'rous Crowd
Grew fiercely mutinous, and shouted loud:

Shimron, they cry'd, shall lead us; — who, but *He*,
Has Skill to set dejected *Israel* free?

Shimron our Chief! *Shimron* our Guide! they cry,
Let *Shimron* live, and the rash *Gideon* die!

Q

To

226 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

To *Midian* give him up ; — their Wrath appease ;
Let him, who caus'd our Danger, buy our Ease :

As when some hostile Hand, in winding Train,
Sheds a long sable Path of fiery Grain,
Touch'd at one End, th' advancing Flame flies strong,
And shoots its swift-devouring Flash along ;
Till every dusky Atom, catching Fire,
In one vast Force th' united Heaps aspire ;
So, from the Mutiny, once gathering Head,
Wide, thro' the Camp, the fierce Contagion spread ;
Disdaining Bounds, th' unbridled Madness swells,
And deaf'ning Insolence Advice repels ;
Loud to their Arms th' unruly Cohorts fly,
Resolv'd their Points against their Chief to try ;
Shimron provokes, and headlong drives them on,
Bright, o'er their Ranks, th' incumbent *Furies* shone,
All but loud *Rage* — She, to full Influence bent,
Stood in fierce Rapture over *Gideon's* Tent :

Round

Round her red Head a bloody Flag she shook,
Beck'ning Destruction with impatient Look,
And height'ning the Confusion, more and more,
Stuns the Camp round her with unceasing Roar :

As when o'erclouded Heaven on all Sides low'rs,
And bursting Thunder roars thro' falling Showers,
The Wind groans heavy, and the flooded Plain,
Smokes, like a Furnace, with the fluicy Rain :
Swift to some Shade the half-drown'd Flocks retreat,
And dark, beneath, in conscious Terror, bleat :
So, from all Parts alarm'd, the Faithful run,
To guard the General, or his Foes to shun ;
Thick round his Tent th' astonish'd Leaders meet,
And, kindly heartless, urge his safe Retreat :
Adoram came, with dubious and mournful Grace,
Abdiel with honest Blushes on his Face !
Joash with Hands uplifted, lost in Grief,
And good *Eliah* with shock'd Belief :



228 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

As when arm'd Huntsmen, led by Torches Light,
Beset some Thicket in the Dusk of Night,
And pressing in, with Shouts, and Clash of Arms,
Rouze the snar'd Savages with loud Alarms :
If, there, that Night a Lion chanc'd to sleep,
Pitying the trembling Herds, that round him creep;
Free from their Fear he moves, with angry Eye,
And, low'ring, stalks, indignant, proudly slow,
Back waving his long tufty Tail, on high !
Nor waits the Jav'lin's meditated Throw,
But bears Defiance on th' advancing Foe :
So, when to *Gideon's* Tent the Captains came,
And told th' Occasion of th' approaching Flame,
Smiling unmov'd at their desponding Care,
Mild, he pass'd thro' them with superior Air :
Nor stay'd till Time might Violence assuage,
But met the Tempest, in its infant Rage,

Behind him press'd the Chiefs, and Guards, amaz'd,
And trembled at the Confidence, they prais'd ;

Th'

Th' impetuous Rebels rushing toward his Tent,
Halting, beheld him, and with Wonder gaz'd ;
Aw'd at his Presence, doubting his Event,
They weigh, confounded, what his Daring meant :
So, when fierce Winds on wintry Oceans roar,
And, from the Bottom, plough th' enormous Surge,
Tumbling in watry Mountains to the Shore,
Their dark'ning Way the foaming Billows urge ;
If, then, some Rock's broad Side, th' Impression breaks,
Back rolls the Tempest with outrageous Sweep,
Far to the Sea, repuls'd, the Cliff forsakes,
And opening frightful leaves a murmuring Deep.

His fated Sword th' advancing Heroe drew,
And while his Eyes, disdainful, pierc'd them thro' ;
Close to the Rebels low'ring Front he press'd,
Whose Spears, thick-threat'ning, glitter'd at his
Breast ;

Is this a Time ! — Ye thoughtless Blots of War !
In your Foe's Sight, to dream of *Civil* Jar ?

230 *Miscellaneous* POEMS

Some fitter Season chuse to waste in Strife,
Nor think of Discord, while unsure of Life!
Averse to Duty, and undoom'd to Fame,
Avoid Destruction, if you fear not Shame!
Strongly furrounded, since you cannot fly,
March, and be pardon'd ; or persist, and die.

With that, his lifted Arm the Signal gave ;
The watchful Guards discern'd th' imperious Wave ;
The Drums and Trumpets aid their Chiefs Design,
And by known Sounds immediate March enjoin :
As some skill'd Fowler does the Stubble try,
And starts to see the fluttering Covey rise ;
Sudden he lift the Tube, with aimful Eye,
And up Heav'n's Hill th' exploded Thunder flies ;
Th' o'ertaken Flock disorder'd with Affright,
Wheel in short Sallies, devious, down the Skies ;
A-while skim, circling, and play round in sight,
At last soar wide, and separate in their Flight :

So,

So, struck with Terror, and oppress'd with Doubt,
Th' expecting Rebels look'd, amaz'd, about ;
His fear'd, and single Danger, Each revolv'd,
And Rage, relax'd in Parts, throughout dissolv'd.
All to their Ensigns hasted, to be led,
And stood prepar'd, their Captains at their Head.

Soon as the Heroe saw the Bands array'd,
Skill'd to discern Occasion right,
And catch th' Advantage he had newly made ;
He mov'd majestick with a slow Advance,
And, turning oft, threw round a piercing Glance :
His high-rais'd Voice enforc'd each apt Command,
The Files wheel, martial, round his beck'ning Hand :
Bold was his Gesture, and elate his Mind,
His waving Plumage floated in the Wind,
And in stretch'd Length the Legions march'd behind. }
Forth from the Camp, th' expecting Host he drew,
Where, at the parting of a broad Highway,
A green Turf-Mount rose, circl'y, to the View ,

232 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

The lasting Tomb, where Victor *Barack* lay,
 Press'd by proud Loads of monumental Clay.
Gideon, to perfect his unfinish'd Will,
 Obvious, ascends the Summit of the Hill :
 Round which inclining the clos'd Ranks to hear,
 Thus he began, with Voice and Look severe.

Outcasts of *Israel* ! I, with Grief, discern
 Your bleeding Country's Trust conferr'd but ill !
 You have, I find, your Duty yet to learn,
 And measure your Obedience by your Will :
 E'er I in Fight our common Cause expose,
 Or, with Doubt-wavering Bands confront the Foes,
 The Faithful from the Guilty to divide,
 The Virtue mix'd among you shall be try'd :
 Let every Man, who dares on Heav'n depend,
 And loves the Title of his Country's Friend ;
 Who learns at once to conquer, and obey,
 Nor wou'd his General, or his Cause betray :

Silent

Silent march out, and on my Right take Place,
While, on my Left, the Foes of proffer'd Grace,
Known, and distinguish'd, my Opposers stand,
Objects of Scorn, and hostile to the Land.

As when, with pendant Fan, some lab'ring Hind
To his heap'd Corn the winnowy Waft applies,
In smoth'ring Clouds, before the forceful Wind,
The driving Chaff, in dusty Volumes flies :
Long, the white Tempest hov'ring hides the Floor,
At last, falls distant, and the Grain lies pure :
So, at their angry Chief's prolifick Word,
The various Host in busy Murmur stirr'd;
Mix'd, and confus'd a while, th' encumber'd Swarms
Move indistinct, and clash entangled Arms ;
Perplex'd in Motion the cross Currents flow,
And, either Way, dividing, separate flow :

As a thick Mist, which to the Hills has clung,
And long, wide-dark'ning, o'er the Valley hung ;
Rising,

234 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Rising, at last, no more the Plain can shade,
 And shows, on either Side, a woody Glade :
 Divided thus, the sorted Army stands,
 In two distinct, but far unequal Bands :
 Ten thousand to their General's Side adher'd,
 And faithful *Abdiel*, at their Head, appear'd,
 But twice Ten thousand to the Left declin'd,
 Sullen, and haughty, like their Leader's Mind :
 For, in the Front of these bold *Shimron* tower'd,
 And, like a wint'ry Cloud, impendant, lower'd.

'Twixt the two Parties, *Gideon* standing high,
 Silent, observ'd, with stern and heedful Eye,
 The Look and Air of Each who pass'd him by. }
 Round the bold *Abdiel* He those Captains spy'd,
 Who, late, retreating from the fatal Post,
 March'd slow, and warlike, and the Foe defy'd,
 And brought the Captive Chiefs to *Israel's* Host :
 These, from the Mount descending to invite,
 He call'd, sweet-smiling, from among the rest,

And

And where he stood, in Both near Party's Sight,
Thus the brave Chiefs with high-rai'd Voice ad-
drest.

In War and Peace, I shall two Points regard,
To punish Guilt, and Virtue to reward :

The Last, most welcome to a Patriot's Choice,
Is that to which your Courage, now, lays claim :

Israel, unblest in Virtues, shou'd rejoice

For Sons, who dare, like you, aspire to Fame !

None present can be ignorant of that Worth,

Which now to thank, I proudly call you forth ;

Hear, all ye Legions, rang'd on either Side,

Be Witness of an Oath, I swear, with Pride :

So may th' Almighty blefs my future Days,

As I reward the Worth, which now I praise.

Abdiel ! mean while, in Pledge of what I swear,

And Proof, what Love I to thy Virtue bear,

These publick Tokens of my Friendship wear.

So,

236 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

So saying, cross his Breast the Heroe ty'd,
 The purple Robe, which his own Shoulders grac'd
 Bound his own Sword to the brave Warrior's Side
 And on his Head his crested Helmet plac'd.
 Then, turning graceful, to his loyal Band,
 Approve, said he, these Marks of just Regard;
 Bow all your Ensigns with declining Hand,
 And general Shouts concurr in their Reward.
 Sudden, consenting Clamour rends the Sky,
 The sweeping Ensigns toward the Captains bend,
 The thundering Drums their loudest Hoarseness try
 And the shrill Trumpets sweet Concurrence lend.

Shimron, mean while, with his suspended Throne
 Stood fullen, and observ'd these Honours paid;
 Stung with a conscious Sense of purpos'd Wrong
 And aw'd beneath a Worth, he had betray'd:
 To them, severely frowning, *Gideon* turn'd,
 And pierc'd their Squadrons with reproachful Eye
 Then spoke, and speaking, with sharp Anger burn'd

Drea

Dream you, that *Israel's* strengthen'd by *your* Aid?
What *were* you, wanting *me*, but *limeless* Sand?
Wretches, like *you*, where-e'er a Levy's made,
Swarming, encumber, and o'erload a Land!
I lend you Influence; — when unled you go,
Powerless, your Ruin shall not need a Foe;
Loft, like proud Rivers, which their Banks o'erflow.
Weak, in th' unbounded Loseness of your State,
Your Independance will become your Fate.
What Wonders wou'd your impious Rashness do?
What Hope! what Aim! what Wish do you pursue?
Wou'd your rebellious Madness *God* subdue?
Gideon can never want such Helps as you!
The Bless'd by Heav'n make light of vulgar Aid:
And, when your Pride my Orders disobey'd,
You then your Country and yourselves betray'd.
Unworthy to be Partners in my Fame,
I banish you to the Remorse of Shame!

Leave

238 *Miscellaneous* POEMS

Leave me — And when you wou'd my Triumph see,
 The hissing Populace shall point, and cry,
 These are the Slaves, who might have set us free,
 But did their General, not their Foe defy :
 No longer boast a Soldier's glorious Name,
 Take your Arms with you, I their Aid disclaim :
 But your dishonour'd Ensigns leave behind,
 Nor shall your warlike Trumpets with you go,
 Rebels no Use for Marks of Honour find,
 Nor need they Chiefs, who dare not face a Foe!
Shimron, your Head! shall all your Guilt atone,
 Be gone : — and leave him to his Fate alone,
 E'er I recall the Mercy, I have shown.

He said, and stepping angry from his Place,
 Seiz'd the pale *Shimron* in his Party's Head ;
 The back'ning Ranks turn, trembling, from his Face
 And o'er the Field in loose Division spread : (bound
 There, burst the Knot, which Satan's Strength had
 And Hell groan'd upward with desponding Sound

Con

Confirming Thunder thrice was heard from high,
And in loud Triumph shook the conscious Sky.

As in some Reedy Vale, 'twixt two Hills Height,
A wintry Sheet spreads broad its cheerless White ;
There, if the Flags beneath, by Chance, take Fire,
While in long Beams the strength'ning Flames aspire ;
Down melt on every Side the streaming Snows,
And kindly Warmth, o'er the freed Valley flows :
So, from intrepid *Gideon's* rising Rage,
Th' astonish'd Rebels, disconcerted, fly ;
His Frown, Voice, Mien, did all their Pride assuage,
Nor dar'd they meet th' Excursions of his Eye.
What help'd it, that they might have pierc'd his Breast,
And by *His* Death have uninspir'd the rest ?
Superior in his Soul his Genius tower'd !
And ev'n their very *Wills*, like Heav'n, o'erpow'r'd !
Impale, said he, and with a stormy Grief,
His Eyes flash'd Light'ning on the trembling Crowd:
Impale,

240 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

Impale, on yon green Mount that haughty Chief,
Who, of his undeserv'd Successes proud,
Has, to his Country's Shame, her Sons misled,
And dares Rebellion's Paths thus early tread.

While he was speaking, a rough Train drew round,
But e'er th' astonish'd *Shimron's* Arms they bound,
Loud through the Prefs a frightened Youth broke in,
With Eyes fast-streaming, and with Hands uprais'd;
He wou'd have spoke — and panted to begin;
Clasp'd *Shimron's* Knees, disorder'd, and amaz'd,
Kneel'd, and look'd wild, and in dumb Meaning gaz'd.
The sullen Chief, by Pity mov'd, grew mild,
And stooping mournful kiss'd th' afflicted Child:
He, too, essay'd to speak — but strove in vain,
Sorrow's salt Flood, spite of his Pride, swell'd high,
And choak'd his rising Voice with throbby Pain:
His close-wing'd Soul drew back, averse to fly,
And starting Tears hung quivering in his Eye.

At last, long struggling, like a drifly Wind,
Which, charg'd with Rain, does canvass'd Barks
affail ;

And lab'ring furious, vex'd to be confin'd,
Rending, bursts thro', and splits the bellying Sail :
Confus'd, asham'd, enrag'd, with Accent broke,
In Look and Gesture, discompos'd, he spoke.

Perhaps, I err, but were it Guilt, or not,
The Soul of *Shimron* scorns to mourn his Lot :
'Scap'd from my Stroke, go on!—thy Country save,
Happier, I find, than I, but not more brave !
Think not that, fall'n, I wou'd my Will disown !
If now I grieve my towering Hopes o'erthrown, }
Believe it not a Coward's empty moan! }
One Curse hangs heavier, than thy Hand *can* be,
That *Shimron* shou'd have ought to ask of *Thee*.
But Miseries cannot long be shunn'd below,
And to *bear nobly* is to *baffle* Woe.

R

What

242 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S

What I wou'd ask Thee, will be soon exprefs'd,
 This friendless Youth, by my near Death, distress'd,
 Is not my Son, but dearer to my Breast:
 His Parents, in my Childhood, took me in,
 An Orphan, destitute of Hopes, or Aid;
 And, by the tenderest Care, my Soul to win;
 My future Fortune their long Business made,
 I ow'd them *All*, and I *no Little* paid!
 But in the first black Year of *Midian's* War
 Their Wealth was wasted, and themselves were
 kill'd;
 This Boy, an Infant then, and absent far,
 Was fav'd, that I might his fall'n House rebuild;
 I hop'd it so——But Fate can Hopes confound!
 Close to my Heart I, long, have held him bound;
 But Death now tears him from my Love, to be
 Doubly an Orphan, and destroy'd in me.
 O, save his guideless Youth from Want and Woe!
 Nor treat him ill, because I die thy Foe!

He said, and snatch'd the Boy to his Embrace,
Bow'd his Cheek o'er him with a tender Grace,
And veil'd the Tears, which trickled on his Face.

Gideon with Pleasure listen'd to his Prayer,
Felt all his Sorrow, and approv'd his Care;
Softening he wonder'd at the gentle Tale,
Which to Compassion thaw'd his manly Breast;
Justice was over-weigh'd by Mercy's Scale,
And, thus, the Godlike Chief his Will exprest.

To *Me* the Charge of this good Youth resign,
No Hopes he loses, by becoming mine.
For Thee, whose Virtue, with thy Guilt, holds
Strife,

This generous Gratitude has given Thee Life!
Wrongs aim'd at *Me*, one Virtue can efface,
Live then in Recompence, nor call it Grace:
Go, to thy Rebels, their lost Head restore,
But be advis'd, nor Wrong thy *Country* more.

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Gather the scatter'd Wretches to thy Care;
And guide the heartless Wanderers to their Home;
Heedful, that in their Way, they Guilt forbear,
Nor Rob, nor Murder, as at large they roam.

Shimron, confounded with Excess of Grace,
Turn'd from the Hero his disorder'd Face;
Cover'd with Shame, withdrew his downcast Look
And ecchoing Plaudits the wide Region shook.



TO LADY HARVEY, *on a*
Conversation concerning NAMES.

By MIRANDA.

I.

Soul-moving *Harvey*, in whose smiling Eyes,
The Azure Stamp of Heav'n, distinguish'd,
shines ;

Strong as your Beauty, let my Fancy rise,
And your Flute's Sweetness modulate my Lines.

II.

While I, no Poet, yet, presume to show,
In Poet's Numbers, with unlicens'd Flame,
How our first Passions from Example flow,
And borrow that Example from our *Name*.

R 3

III.

III.

The bleeding Bosom, and the pictur'd Fame,
Instruct each young *Lucretia* to be chaste;
While little *Cleopatras* laugh at Shame,
And see no Faults in Those whom Beauty grac'd.

IV.

Marg'ries and *Joans* may stray from Honour's Law,
Nor awe to Distance *Tom's* and *Dick's* Address;
But *Portias* and *Cornelias* Rev'rence draw,
And with the decent Pride of Caution blest.

V.

Daphnis and *Corydon*, attractive Swains!
Strike, in *Idea*, and surprize by Sound:
While *Hodge* and *Tristram* lose their am'rous Pains,
And fright the *Sylvias* they propose to wound.

VI.

VI.

Ask your lov'd Lord, so letter'd, and polite,
Whether *Heers*, *Hop*, and *Rumpf*, in Times to come,
Can, in the Blaze of Story, shine as bright
As the smooth Legates of Old *Greece* and *Rome*?

VII.

Had *Bubb* been *Dodington*, e'er known to *Spain*,
What barb'rous Censures had our Nation 'scap'd!
The soft-mouth'd *Signiors* minc'd and fill'd in vain,
Those stubborn Consonants, so *Goth-like* shap'd!

VIII.

Who, that was christen'd *Julius*, dares be base,
When he looks back at his great Pattern's Fame?
Or, if some huge *Van-Trump* wants Air and Grace,
Who blames the Monster, when he hears his
Name?

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IX.

Were I to say, what Title I wou'd wear,
 Cou'd I *Knockfergus* or *Kill-patrick* chuse;
When *Dorset* and *Argyle* had run'd my Ear,
 Or *Harvey's* softer Vowels charm'd my Muse.

X.

Oh ! what a tuneful Thunder shook the Tongue,
 When *Marlbro'* (conqu'ring Sound) alarm'd the
 Foe !
Had *Jablonowski* led our Armies on,
 The Gen'ral's scare-crow Name had foil'd each
 Blow.

XI.

Epaminondas ! — Does that sound like *Wills* ?
 Can ev'n *Your* Voice make rough *Cadogan* fall
With that soft Grandeur that so smoothly trills,
 When we say — *Cesar* ! — *Hector* ! — *Hannibal* !

XII.

XII.

Had *Hellena* been *Moll*, or *Paris*, *Hob*,
Troy had but *heard*, — and scap'd the fatal Flame:
Nay, were our *Walpole's* self but simple *Bob*,
Not ev'n his Politicks had rais'd his Name.

XIII.

Shunning the Vulgar Tracks of homely Sound,
Go on, fair *Harvey*, to distinguish well:
Let Names that suit your lovely Race, be found;
Add a *Bellaria* to the sweet *Le-pell*.

XIV.

Round your lov'd Knees let *Altamiras* stand;
And soft *Cleoras* and *Olympias* smile:
Give us *Augustuses* to grace our Land,
And pour their Mother's Sweetness round the Isle.

To.

*To Mr. SAVAGE, Son of the late
Earl RIVERS.*

By C L I O.

O H tow'ring *Savage*, from thy Stars descend,
To visit here below a mortal Friend ;
Far in Wit's Vale she lies, beneath thy Care,
Yet gay the Vallies shine, and sweet the Air.
Oft from the simple Flow'rs her Thoughts she took,
And stole the Language of the murm'ring Brook.
Oh ! beyond all Things, native *Nature* charms ;
The Critick's pointed Envy she disarms,
And the *Fool's* Heart, Great Chief of Wonders !
warms.

Nor let us shade her with Excess of Art ;

O'er every thing the God of *Nature* reigns ;

And

and TRANSLATIONS. 251.

And the same glorious Hand that form'd the Heart,

Tun'd it to move, at Passion's melting Strains.

Harmonious Nature does those Passions guide,

And sigh-blown Tears swell high the summon'd Tide.

O'er godlike *Shakespeare*, Oh ! how oft I weep,

And rob the lazy Night of promis'd Sleep.

My Eyes of aking Injuries complain,

They bend — but Oh ! they fondly read again,

And, for his Sake, their falling Lids restrain.

Yet, blushless, be it to the prudent known,

'Tis not for *Shakespeare* that I wake alone ;

Another Rival rises to his Fame,

Hillarius ! — Nature sparkles at his Name !

Oft have I wish'd e'er I *Hillarius* knew ;

I might have read the *living Shakespeare* too ;

And Heav'n, that treasures ev'ry holy Pray'r,

Transfus'd his Soul, so worthy of its Care.

A younger *Shakespeare* rises to my Sight,

Beam'd from the other *Shakespeare's* deathless Light.

Alike

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Alike divinely are their Spirits wrought,
 And one great Mind breathes jointly in their Thought.
 In alter'd *Henry's* Conduct, I behold
Hilarian Fire refining *Shakespear's* Gold.

See, *Savage* ! see ! *Hilarius* cuts the Sky,
 Keep, while you soar, his Brightness in your Eye.
 He saw thy Worth, rich beneath gloomy Fate,
 Chear'd thy cold Hopes, and taught 'em to be Great !
 Already Fame is of thy Numbers proud,
 Lifts its just Voice, and speaks thy Praise aloud.
 Thy gen'rous Verse, with Wonder we behold,
 Paint Friendship's Beauties, who hast found her cold !
 What Hand invited thy poor Bark to Shore ?
 What Heart has felt the Wrongs which you deplore ?
 None chear'd thy Youth, to trembling Want resign'd,
 Chance prun'd the promis'd Vintage of thy Mind :
 No tender Parent bless'd thy Infant Songs,
 Forc'd on a World — and only rich in Wrongs !

But

But Nature now, awak'ning at thy Song,
Will pity, sure ! that she has slept so long.
Yes — Ev'n thy *Mother* will thy Influence feel,
And who will *wound*, when *she* consents to *heal* !
Parents, not Thine, mean while Thy Wrongs can see,
And, weeping, wish for Sons resembling Thee.

TO EVANDRA, on seeing some
POEMS of her writing.

By MIRANDA.

Wonder not, shining Proof of Female Wit,
That I, by Nature, for *Design*, unfit,
In artless Verse applaud your rising Name,
And teach our envious Sex to aid your Fame.
A Woman's Fame, methinks, all Women share :
And Policy shou'd make her praise their Care :

Envy,

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Envy, to Vanity alone gives Place ;
 And livelier Wit attunes a lovelier Face.
Mountague's Eyes, what Woman cou'd forgive,
 But that Her Verse must all her Charms outlive ?
 The Sex's *Pride* can ev'n their *Spleen* refine,
 And she who honours All, may All outshine.

Why shou'd vain Man superior Spirit boast ?
 Is his Soul brighter, 'cause his Strength is most ?
 Mistaken Fondness of a false Desert !
 In *Power*, we grant, the Tyrant Slaves the Start :
 But, in *Wit's* glitt'ring Race, the Boasters find,
Thou wing'd Advance, leaves *Them* as far behind.



On

*On the Incomparable MIRANDA's
commending what I writ.*

By EVANDRA.

WHen Angels, crown'd with beatifick Rest,
Forget their Hymns to Him, by whom
They're blest :

Stoop from their Heav'n this lower World to view,
And kindly mark, what trifling Mortals do :

The Act can only from Compassion flow ;
Mercy, not Justice, does the Grace bestow :
Nor shou'd the Wretch, so favour'd, haughty grow. }

My humble Muse, tho' by *Miranda* prais'd,
Must to no Swell of conscious Worth be rais'd ;
Her Goodness, to deserve, or to requite,
Like *Her* I must reflect, like *Her* must write.

While

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While she obliges, she instructs me too,
Fame, by Her great Example, to pursue :
By Heav'n's Indulgence she was surely sent ;
Our Sex, at once, to teach, and ornament !
A sparkling Soul, in Form divine, enshrin'd !
A *Venus*' Aspect — and *Minerva*'s Mind !

*On seeing Mr. ELLY'S Picture of
Mrs. OLDFIELD, drawn by
Fancy, without her Sitting for it.*

By AARON HILL, Esq;

I.

BOld as *Prometheus*, thou hast stol'n a Fire,
That never flam'd before, but in her Eyes;
Save us from Painters, who, like Gods, aspire
To strike our Soul's Ideas, as they rise !

II.

Known are the Masters of the *Roman* School,
Who copied Life till Shadows seem'd to live :
But what art Thou ! who dar'st escape all Rule,
And Thought, and Ut'rance, to thy Pictures give ?

III.

Cautious, ye Beauties of our charming Isle,
Trust your fam'd Faces to this ent'ring Eye ;
Deep, thro' the dimply Covert of your Smile,
The dang'rous Diver sees, where Secrets lie.

IV.

Close at your shadow'd Hearts, he works conceal'd,
And steals, unnoted, your soft Souls away :
Till on the colour'd Plain you stand reveal'd,
And every naked Passion starts at Day.

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V.

Let thy lamented Shade, O *Kneller*, rest,
More than supplied, by this young daring Hand:
Graves, by his Art, may half be dispossest'd,
And *Ellis* wake from Death th' unpeopled Land!

VI.

Oh! that some ancient Pencil, warm as Thine,
Had lengthen'd *Cleopatra's* Life till now:
Match'd with thy Theft, and mingling Shine with
Shine,
*Twould charm me, to compare each Rival Brow.

VII.

Or, had the Godlike *Cæsar*, e'er he fell,
Transfus'd his Soul, on Pictures, like thy own,
What wou'd I give on the lov'd Life to dwell,
And see an Art, like Thine, his Death atone!

S L E E P.

S L E E P.

By MIRANDA.

Come, peaceful Sleep, and calm my ruffled
Mind,

Great Woes in thee can Relaxation find ;
Sure then, 'twill be an easy Task of thine,
To heal such small, such unfix'd Griefs, as mine :
Life's Care, corroding, wou'd insatiate prey,
With direful Ravage on this breathing Clay,
Did not thy balmy Influence, hov'ring o'er,
The drooping Energy of Souls restore,

In thee the weary *Toiler* finds his Rest,
Thy gentle Slumbers calm the *frantick* Breast :

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The *Scholar's* active Brain to thee gives way,
Thou dost the bustling *Statesman's* Haste delay,
And bidst him wait thy Will, till a new Day.

The slighted *Lover*, oft caress'd by thee,
Does, in warm Dreams, his scornful Conqu'ror see,
Kind, as his Wishes, and as blest as He.

The Royal *Captive*, by thy Help, maintains
His ravish'd Sceptre, and wish'd Freedom gains;
Beholds his Victor on his Triumph wait,
And fresh'ning Laurels crown recover'd State.

Ev'n *Poverty*, that sharp, that dreaded Foe,
Feels not in thee the pinching Gripe of Woe;
The blushful Shame of Want in Sleep grows Gay,
And suff'ring Sorrow wears its Edge away.
The brow-beat *Bankrupt* dies with Doubt no mote,
And Fortune's Tempest, in soft Sleep, blows o'er;
In golden Dreams his empty Coffers fill,
And Wine's warm Joys his frozen Heart unchill.

De.

Devouring *Death*, that o'er all Nature reigns,
Conquers not *Thee*, but wears thy filken Chains.
Lovers and Friends, whom oft ill Fate divides,
Or whom (sad Lot!) the Grave's cold Bosom hides,
Meet at thy nightly Call, nor lose their Way,
Tho' dark Eternity between them lay,

Ev'n *Jealousy*, Life's most outrageous Storm,
Thy gentle Flatt'ry can to Mirth transform ;
The pining Virgin, rich in *Sleep* rais'd Charms,
Secures her Wand'rer from suspected Arms ;
Smiles in triumphant Slumber with Disdain,
And blasts the hated Cause of Rival Pain ;
But waking into Anguish, raves to see,
That all her Joys were left behind with thee.



CLIO to MIRANDA;
Occasion'd by her Verses on SLEEP.

O H! bright *Miranda*, to thy distant Shrine,
I offer all the Wishes that are *mine*;
Long, my desiring Eyes thy Form have fought,
Oft have I seen thy Beauties in my Thought,
Held from thy Converse by ungentle Fate,
My Soul springs to thee, all unus'd to wait:
Nor can it for a formal Meeting stay,
But bounds before, preventing half the Way.

To thy fine Mind no Compliments I send,
I write not now for Fame, but for a Friend;
Oh! let my Hopes the mighty Blessing wear,
And with thy Friendship charm my Sister Care;

When

When my lov'd Muse and I together meet,
To my soft Thoughts I will thy Name repeat,
Thy Name shall wing the Hours, and make ev'n }
Midnight sweet.

Oh! I have read thy gentle Slumbers o'er,
Thy downy *Sleep*, till I can sleep no more.

Sweet are the Murmurs of thy melting Muse,
To my charm'd Ear, as Sleep is to the Eyes,
It drinks *in* all the Soul-reviving Dews,
And o'er the Harmony transported lies :
Every dear Line for Admiration calls,
Tender thy Strains, as Love-tun'd Nightingales !
As the Wind's Sighings, or the Shepherd's Reed,
Which gentle Love himself has taught to plead ;
Sorrow, and Sickness, sweetly It disarms,
And ev'ry Anguish softens at its Charms ;
Scandal wou'd listen with relenting Heart,
And drop, with trembling Hand, the venom'd Dart.

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Such healing Power in thy soft Numbers flows,
That Love-sick, breaking Hearts might find Repose;
Destructive *Jealousy* suspended lie,
And bitter *Grief* sit with unstreaming Eye.

Oh! Thou, to others Sorrows wondrous kind,
May thy own Breast no real Anguish find,
Safe be that sacred Coast from ev'ry Care,
And all the Train of Peace sit smiling there.

M I R A N D A to 'C L I O.

In Answer to the Foregoing.

IN artless Strain *Miranda's* Thanks accept,
Sure, never Muse so profitably slept!
Conscious, alas! she well her Coldness knows,
And only in thy formful Fancy glows;

Yet,

Yet, why shou'd I reproach my honour'd Lays?
 There shou'd be Worth, where *Clio* stoops to praise:
 One way to Merit I can make Pretence,
 'Tis from *Affinity* to Excellence;
 For if on Earth there can Perfection be,
 Heav'n, that bestow'd *Hillarius*, gave it *Me*.

Long e'er to thee *Miranda's* Name was known,
Miranda was of thee enamour'd grown;
 Hour after Hour, with emulous Delight,
 Thy heav'nly Notes have charm'd away my Night;
 Cou'd Envy an impartial Soul subdue,
 Mine were subverted, when I think on you;
 But I a kind of Adoration find,
 For thy superior Excellence of Mind:
 Thou! great Redeemer of thy Sex's Fame,
 Outblazest Manhood with thy tow'ring Flame;
 Ages to come, the wide-spread Light shall see,
 And worship Womankind in Praise of thee.

Sent

*Sent by a Gentleman, with a Pocket
Looking-Glass, to a Lady who
was curious to see the Picture of
his first Mistress.*

By AARON HILL, *Esq;*

I.

SEE, my Soul's serene Invader!
See the Face I first ador'd!,
Heav'n for Love and Pity made her,
And with Angel-Graces stor'd!

II.

Mark her Forehead's awful Rising!
See her Soul-subduing Eyes!
Ev'ry Look and Air surprizing,
Modest, lively, soft, and wise!

III.

III.

Next *Thyself*, I own, I love Her :

But your sweet observing Eye

Must not now grow jealous of her ;

She's ne'er seen, but *You* are by.

MIRANDA to DAPHNE.

I.

Come *Daphne* ! to *Miranda's* Breast retire,

Let my soft Sorrow's sympathetic Dew
Shed its cool Influence on this raging Fire ;
At once, quench *Love*, and light up *Friendship* too.
Since Gratitude and Honour prove too weak

To raise thy sinking Hope,

Since all thy Strength of Charms wants Pow'r to
shake

That stubborn Breast, where Pity finds no Scope ;

Bid

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Bid the ill-entertain'd, unwelcome Guest depart ;
And do not own the Wound, at least, tho' still thou
feel'st the Smart.

Beauty must blush, with burning Shame,
To see the frozen *Salamander* lie,
Insensible of Heat, amidst such Flame ;
And all Love's penetrating Fire despise !

II.

Come to my kinder Call, thou lovelier Maid !
Too innocent to hope for Fortune's Aid !

And too, too sweet, to be betray'd !
Come, *Daphne* ! to a Friend's sincere Embrace ;
Her undesigning Breast will give thee Place :
I'll save thee, there ; — and, if I fail to please
Thy *ev'ry* Wish, — nor give thee *perfect* Ease ;
At least, I'll charm thy Grievs, in all I *can* ;
For I am *not* that *able Ill* — that Undertaker — *Man* !

III.

III.

Fly, careless, kind, unwary Wantons! — fly,
When Man, — the smiling Mischief Man! comes
nigh.

He — glitt'ring Viper! — poisons half our Sex;
While *We*, with Folly's trifling Twigs perplex:
And wou'd the subtle-winding Serpent *vex*!
Oh! how the skill'd Deceivers *put on* Pain!

How *feelingly*, they feign!

How will they tempt, swear, promise, plead, and
pray;

How do they melt, in soft-dissembled Grief!
Till Air-built Vows our yielding Hearts betray;
And Pity gives us up to fond Belief!

Then smiles the Wretch, at what his Arts have
done:

Proud of the Conquest, tho' so basely won!

IV.

IV.

Despise thou flatt'ring Dreams, so false as these.
The flooding Joy that comes without *Degrees*,
As swiftly sweeping back again, bears with it all our
Ease.

Come, and the great, the happy Diff'rence see,
'Twixt what Men *are*, and what they *ought* to be.
'Twixt him, whose gen'rous Softness blesses *Me*,
And that cold Flutt'rer, who bewitches *Thee*.
Come, *Daphne*, to *Miranda's* bow'ry Cell,
Where Pleasures, undisturb'd by Transport, dwell:
And when my Female Vows insipid seem,
To you, who of more solid Raptures dream,
Think — and, thinking, you'll grow wise,
And back your exil'd Judgment bring;
The noisy Bee, that, humming, flies,
And boasts, what *Honey* he supplies;
Says nothing of his *Sting*.

*On Sir ROBERT WALPOLE'S
Resigning his Places in the Year
1717.*

*By one of his Admirers and Fellow
Collegiates.*

Walpole withdraws from Court, and ev'ry Brow,
Except his own, wears doubtful Sorrow now;
But he retreats with gentle, silent Pace,
And, like the Sun, to lesser Lights, gives place:
Pleas'd with the Blessing that his Orb had lent,
He gilds the Skies, and smiles in his Descent.

The Great, of old, with discontented Airs,
Sullen, resign'd the Weight of publick Cares;
Unfit the rising Tempest to reform,
They stirr'd the Waves, and higher swell'd the Storm.
He

He scorns the mean Designs of Faction's Aid;
 Still striving to preserve the Calm He made;
 Proving a-like, that when he fell, or stood,
 His Int'rest only was his Country's Good.

To His just Management *Britannia* owes,
 That her Debts lessen, and her Treasure flows;
 That, great in Arms, She Foreign Foes disdains,
 And makes the home-bred Rebel *hear* * the Reins.

For this, what Pomp, what Titles might He claim?
 But Honesty requires no greater Name:
 Others, by them, to future Times are known;
Walpole and *Walsingham* shall bear their own.

* *Audit Currus habenas.*

Virg.



In a Blank Leaf of a Book, sent to
MIRANDA.

By AARON HILL, *Esq;*

GO, happy Book, —

That, void of Life, art from Life's Cares so free,
That Love itself can fix no Pain on thee ;
Thou canst before my lovely Charmer lie,
Unscorch'd, by all the Lightnings of her Eye ;
Midst her inspiring Touch, thou canst remain
Tasteless of Pleasure, and secure from Pain ;
While absent Beauty breaks thy Author's Rest,
And Hope and Fear, by Turns, distract his Breast.
My Angel-Mistress must, henceforth, be thine,
And I devote thy Off rings to her Shrine.

T

On

On varied Themes divert her wand'ring Eye,
 As o'er thy honour'd Leaves her Glances fly ;
 But when her Thoughts on softer Subjects rove,
 And lead her, where thy Pages talk of *Love*,
 Oh! then, so mindful of thy Author be,
 To bid her, in a Whisper — *think on ME.*

*To LYSANDER, on his showing me
 some Verses from DELIA.*

By MIRANDA.

I Trac'd, *Lysander*, the soft Graces through,
 Which fill'd the Verses I receiv'd from you;
 And, charm'd by modest *Delia's* tuneful Lays,
 I step from Admiration into Praise.

With

With growing Pleasure I survey'd 'em o'er,
 And still found Beauties, unobserv'd before ;
 Unconscious Sweetness shades each glitt'ring Line,
 And Wit, unforc'd, breaks thro' with sparkly Shine:
 Doubt not, enamour'd Youth, deserv'd Success,
 Her pitying Nature will thy Pains redress :
 For while such kindred Virtues crowd each Mind,
 Constrain'd by *Sympathy*, she *must* be kind.

From *LYSANDER* ; *In Answer to*
the Foregoing.

I.

WHile, like *Hillarius*, fair *Miranda* writes,
 What sweet Good-nature, grac'd with
 Wit, excites,

Lysander feels his Flame for *Delia* die,
 As twinkling Stars are lost in Shades, when *Phæbus*
 climbs the Sky.

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II.

Whilst he, fond Swain, thought none so heav'nly
fair,
So worthy to monopolize his Care,
The Female *World*, at best, but seem'd a Foil,
And she alone enrich'd with Worth, to crown his
Hopes and Toil.

III.

But, ah! before *your* Lustre (seen too near)
His *Delia's* weaker Glories disappear:
To yours compar'd her fancy'd Charms decay,
And all the Love, they had engross'd, like Dreams,
dissolves away.

IV.

Hard Fate! that *she*, whose Soul-attracting Grace,
Compell'd the Change, and darken'd *Delia's* Face,
As *Luna* made *Endymion* bless'd alone,
To great *Hillarius* only join'd, must scorn *Lysander's*
Moan.

V.

V.

Yet, while at Distance, I am doom'd to gaze,
Miranda! on your beauteous Mind and Face.

I joy to see your Heav'n by none possest,
But Him, whom most Perfections crown, and who
deserves you best.

To AURELIA, *hearing she was*
an Admirer of HILLARIUS.

By MIRANDA.

I Wonder not, *Aurelia*, you desire
What Heav'n, sure, form'd for *Woman* to admire;
But if, at distance, thus he charms thy Eye,
What would'st thou do, if Chance should bring him
Nigh,
When not thy Eyes, alone, his Charms wou'd bless,
But ev'ry Sense wou'd *equal* Power confess?

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Oh ! then, *Aurelia*, be advis'd by me,
 And wish no more this fetter'd Charm to see,
 By Love and Law, 'twas doom'd he shou'd be Mine,
 And *He's* the only Wealth, I wish not Thine.
 But if, regardless of my well-meant Care,
 You still will *brave* this Woman-catching Snare;
 Think what we saw, when last, the Fields to spoil,
 We jointly sported o'er the stubbly Soil,
 A Flight of Birds, which late their Nests forsook,
 And off their Wings the callow Down had shook,
 Swift o'er the Plain in heedless Circles flew,
 Till tempting Bait-seeds catch'd their wand'ring
 View ;

In vain the wary Old-ones check'd their Haste,
 With eager Joy they flutter'd down to taste,
 The watchful Sportsman smil'd to see them fall,
 And sprung th' unerring Net upon 'em All,

On reading SENECA.

By CLIO.

MY Knees no longer can the Book sustain,
Tho' thou art *Seneca*, I read in vain ;
Thy once-lov'd *Morals* have no longer Charms,
For, Oh ! my Heart bleeds faster than thy Arms.
A Damp, like Death, does my sick Hopes invade,
Joy's Lamp expires, and my cold Spirits fade.
These Maxims, all so just, and so divine,
Thoughtless of what I write, I interline :
And, when my own sad Thoughts I cannot bear,
With sacrilegious Hand, thy Leaves I tear.
What have I done ? — Alas ! I fear to tell :
Be secret, Oh, Dear Book — *I lov'd too well.*
A Death, like *Seneca's*, my Soul cou'd bear ;
For *Love* was kind, nor mix'd *His Bitter* there.

*To a LADY who desired that her
Letters might not be exposed.*

By AARON HILL, *Esq;*

NO, thou best Soul, that e'er this Body knew!
Unhappy I may be, but not untrue:
Bless'd, or unblest'd, my Love can ne'er decay;
Nor cou'd I, tho' I cou'd not love, *betray*.

Cold, and unjust, the speaking Caution kills!
And, in *one* Meaning, spots me o'er with *Ills*.
Silent as sacred Lamps in buried Urns,
The Flame of Gen'rous Lovers inward burns:
Life shou'd be torn, and Racks be stretch'd in vain,
And varied Torture tire its fruitless Pain,

E'er

E'er but a Thought of Mine shou'd do thee Wrong,
Or spread thy Beauties on the Publick Tongue.

Cou'd'st Thou *suppose* it? — Oh! be lost the Shame,
Nor heap Dishonour on my future Name.
Have I been never lov'd? — yet, Cruel! tell,
Whom I betray'd to *Thee*, tho' lov'd too well?
Take thy sweet Mischiefs back, their Charms deface,
Yes — leave me *poor*; but never think me *base*.
Not ev'n when Death shall veil thy starry Eyes,
Shall thy dear Letters from my *Ashes* rise:
Spread on my Heart, the Grave shall give 'em Room,
To charm my waking Soul in Worlds to come.
While, in my Verse, with far more faint Essay,
Thy Wonders I to After-times convey:
Tell thy vast Heav'n of Sweets, and spread thy Name,
Till, fir'd for *Thee*, whole Kingdoms catch My Flame.

To

*To the Right Honourable BESSY
Countess of ROCHFORD (Daughter
of the late Earl RIVERS) when
with Child.*

*By Mr. SAVAGE, Son of the late
Earl RIVERS.*

AS when the Sun walks forth in flaming Gold,
Mean Plants may smile, and humble Flow'rs
unfold.

The low-laid Lark the distant Æther wings,
And, as she soars, her daring Anthem sings!
So when thy Charms celestial Views create,
My smiling Song surmounts my gloomy Fate!
Thy *Angel-Embryo* prompts my tow'ring Lays,
Claims my fond Wish, and fires my future Praise!

May

May It, if *Male*, its *Grandfire's* Image wear !
 Or in it's *Mother's* Charms confess the *Fair* !
 At the kind Birth may each mild Planet wait !
 Soft be the Pain, but prove the Blessing Great !

Hail *Rivers* ! Hallow'd Shade ! descend from Rest !
 Descend and smile, to see thy *Rochford* blest :
 Weep not the Scenes thro' which my Life must run,
 Tho' Fate, fleet-footed, scents thy languid Son !
 The Bar that, dark'ning, cross'd my crested Claim,
 Yields at Her Charms, and brightens in their Flame :
 That Blood, which, honour'd, in thy *Rochford* reigns,
 In cold, unwilling Wand'rings trac'd my Veins !
 Want's wint'ry Realm froze hard around my View !
 And Scorn's keen Blasts a Cutting Anguish blew !
 To such sad Weight my gath'ring Grievs were wrought,
 Life seem'd not Life, but when convuls'd with
 Thought !

Decreed beneath a Mother's Frown to pine,
 Madness were Ease to Mis'ry form'd like Mine !

Yet

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Yet my Muse waits thee thro' the Realms of Day,
Where lambent Light'nings, round thy Temples play!
Sure my fierce Woes, will, like those Fires, refine,
Thus lose their Torture, and thus glorious shine!
And now the Muse Heaven's milky Path surveys,
With thee, 'twixt pendant Worlds it wond'ring strays!
Worlds! which, unnumber'd as thy Vertues, roll
Round *Suns*! — fix'd, radiant Emblems of thy *Soul*!
Hence Lights refracted run thro' distant Skies,
Changeful on Azure Plains in quiv'ring Dies!
So thy Mind darted thro' its Earthy Frame,
A wide, a various, and a glitt'ring Flame.

Now a New Scene Enormous Lustre brings!
Now Seraphs shade thee round with Silver Wings!
In Angel-Forms thou see'st thy *Rockford* shine!
In each sweet Form is trac'd Her beauteous Line!
Such was her Soul, e'er this selected Mold
Sprung at thy Wish, the sparkling Life t' infold!

So

So amidst Cherubs shone her Son refin'd,
E'er Infant-Flesh the new-form'd Soul enshrin'd !
So shall a sequent Race from *Rockford* rise,
The World's fair Pride — Descendants of the Skies.

To the Lady DUTRY.

By WILLIAM COLEPEPER, *Esq;*

I.

*D*Utry, that Soul-inspiring Fair!
Improves the Poet's Story,
With spotless Fame and Beauty Rare
Surpassing *Helen's* Glory.

II.

Helen, less fair, may boast her Art
A guilty Warmth to raise ;
Dutry, refines the vanquish'd Heart
To Vertue's purer Praise.

To

*To the Excellent MIRANDA (Con-
sort of AARON HILL, Esq;) on
reading her Poems.*

*By Mr. SAVAGE, Son of the late
Earl RIVERS.*

E Ach soft'ning Charm of *Clio's* smiling Song,
Mountague's Soul, which shines divinely strong!
These blend, with Graceful Ease, to form thy Rhime,
Tender, Yet chaste ; sweet-sounding, Yet sublime!
Wisdom and Wit have made thy Works their Care,
Each Passion glows, Refin'd by Precept, There!
To fair *Miranda's* Form Each Grace is Kind ;
The Muses and the Virtues tune thy Mind.

To

*To the Honourable Sir WILLIAM
BREWER, Bart.*

By Mr. VICTOR.

MUse ! to my Noble Friend an Off'ring bring :
And his fair Garden, in soft Numbers sing.
Sweet let thy Verse, from unforc'd Nature flow,
Yet strongly mark'd, let the full Figures glow :
As when drawn Clouds unveil the blushing Sky,
And Heav'n burns broad, with a Vermillion Dye ;
While thro' the grovy Tracks, cool Zephirs pass,
To fan the silver Streams, and sweep the Grass.

Deep, in furrounding Woods, there shines a Seat,
Nature's blest Favourite ! and Love's Retreat !

Green,

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Green, amid stony Wilds, rise op'ning Bow'rs!
 Arch'd with a wreathy Heav'n of pendant Flow'rs!
 Cool, in the burning Dog-star's sultry Sway:
 Yet in the Ice of Winter, Warm and Gay!

O! Shades, well-temper'd, like your Owner's Mind,
 Where Soft, and Solid, are by Nature join'd:
 Sublimely Wise, and to Perfection Blest!
 You know to judge, and dare to chuse the best!

Beauty, and Wit, in your lov'd Confort meet,
 Where all that's noble, lives with all that's sweet!
 At once, your Wife, your Partner, and your Friend!
 She curbs your Cares, and does your Joys extend.
 You are the Point which all her Hopes pursue,
 And, if she sings, she sweetly sings of You!
 In her alone, you ev'ry Blessing find:
 Charm to your Eye! and Cordial to your Mind.

Ever

Ever thus bless'd, may Life wear flow away ;
 And some new Joy mark ev'n its latest Day !
 May no Noise reach you, but thro' rustling Trees,
 When their broad Boughs bend from the murm'ring
 Breeze.

Lift me, some God ! from this tumultuous Town !
 And near that heav'nly Umbrage set me down :
 In some small Cottage, that delightful stands ;
 Some clean thatch'd Tenement within your Lands ;
 Hemm'd with high rosy Banks, and shadowy Bow'rs,
 " A Snow of Blossoms ! and a Wild of Flow'rs !
 Where the low Vine does the tall Elm beseech,
 And the sweet Lime-tree wooes the useful Beech !
 Till the mix'd Boughs compose a roo'fy Shade,
 And no bold Sun-beam can my Rest invade.
 Here, out of hated Scandal's noisy Sound,
 Stretch'd in sweet Leisure on the silent Ground,
 Deathless Companions of my Shade, I'd chuse
 The few fix'd Fav'rites of our *English* Muse :

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High soaring *Milton* ! — *Waller* sweet of Strain !
 Un-dying *Shakespear* ! — and wild *Spencer's* Vein !
 Sometimes familiar *Johnson*, in low Flight,
 Shall place the vulgar World before my Sight.
 Yet *Dryden's* Numbers, most, my Heart shall move,
 For the prevailing Passion there, is Love !
 But naming Love, hark ! *Clio* tunes the Strings !
 And the Soul melts before Her, as she sings !

What prouder Ornaments of Life remain,
 I leave, for Fools to seek — and Knaves to gain.



*To Mr. SAVAGE, Son of the late
Earl RIVERS.*

*By Mr. JOHN DYER, of Car-
marthenshire.*

Sink not, my Friend, beneath Misfortune's
Weight,
Pleas'd to be found intrinsically Great.
Shame on the Dull, who think the Soul looks less,
Because the Body wants a glitt'ring Dress.
It is the Mind's for-ever bright Attire,
The Mind's Embroid'ry, that the Wife admire!
That which looks rich to the gross Vulgar Eyes,
Is the Fop's Tinsel, which the Grave despise.

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Wealth dims the Eyes of Crowds, and while they
gaze,

The Coxcomb's ne'er discover'd in the Blaze!
As Few the Vices of the Wealthy see,
So Vertues are conceal'd by Poverty.

Earl Rivers! — In that Name how would'st thou
shine?

Thy Verse, how sweet! thy Fancy, how divine!
Criticks and Bards, wou'd, by thy Worth, be aw'd,
And All wou'd think it Merit to applaud.
But thou hast nought to please the vulgar Eye,
No Title hast, nor what might Titles buy.
Thou wilt small Praise, but much Ill-nature find,
Clear to thy Errors, to thy Beauties blind;
And if, tho' few, they any Faults can see,
How meanly bitter will cold *Censure* be?
But since we all, the wisest of us, err,
Sure, 'tis the greatest Fault to be severe.

A Few, however, yet expect to find,
Among the misty Millions of Mankind,
Who proudly stoop to aid an injur'd Cause,
And o'er the sneer of Coxcombs force Applause.
Who, with felt Pleasure, see fair Virtue rise,
And lift her upward to the beck'ning Prize!
Or mark her lab'ring in the modest Breast,
And honour her the more, the more deprest.

Thee, *Savage*, These (the justly Great!) admire,
Thee, quick'ning Judgment's Phlegm with Fancy's
Fire!

Thee, slow to censure, earnest to commend,
An able Critick, but a willing Friend.



The PICTURE.

To Mr. DYER, when in the Country : Occasion'd by the foregoing Verses.

By Mr. SAVAGE, Son of the late Earl RIVERS.

WHile various Birds in tuneful Confort sing,
And charm the Prospect of the opening
Spring ;

While to thy Dreams the Nightingal complains,
Till the Lark wakes thee with its mirthful Strains ;
My Thoughts all dim'd, all influenc'd by Despair,
A deep, a dire, confirm'd Distraction wear ;
Till thy bright Verse and Friendship, ever kind,
Dawn a sweet Comfort o'er my dark'ning Mind.

Oh!

Oh! cou'd my Soul thro' Depths of Knowledge see,
Cou'd I read Nature and Mankind like Thee;
I shou'd o'ercome, or bear the Shocks of Fate,
And ev'n draw Envy to the humblest State:
But if Designs of Worth my Meaning forms,
Th' unfinish'd Fabricks fall by sudden Storms:
Yet some raise Honour from each ill Event,
From Shocks gain Vigour, and from Want Content.

Think not light Poetry, my Life's chief Care,
The Muse's Mansion is at best but Air!
Not sounding *Verse* can give great Souls their Aim,
Action alone commands substantial Fame.
Tho' with clip'd Wings I still lie flutt'ring here,
I'd soar sublime and strike the Topmost Sphere.

Falsly, we Those of guilty Pride accuse,
Whose God-like Souls Life's *Middle* State refuse:
Self-Love, inactive, seeks ignoble Rest,
Care sleeps not calm, when Millions wake unblest.

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Mean let *Me* shrink, or spread sweet Shade o'er *All*,
Low as the Shrub, or as the Cedar *Tall*.

Then I'll write on — still I reserve my Hope,
 Tho' envious Chance, contracts my Action's Scope;
 Tho' Wealth denies what my proud Wants require,
 By Wisdom, Sov'reign-like, I'd still aspire;
 Thus to Enquiry prompt th' imperfect Mind,
 Thus clear dim'd Truth, and bid her bless Mankind.
 From the pierc'd Orphan thus draw Shafts of Grief,
 Arm Want with Patience, and teach Wealth Relief.

Titles, when worn by Fools, I dare despise;
 Yet they claim Homage, when they crown the Wise.
 When high Distinction marks deserving Heirs,
 Desert still dignifies the Mark it wears.
 But who to Birth *alone* wou'd Honours owe?
 Honours, if True, from Seeds of *Merit* grow:
 Those Trees, with sweetest Charms, invite our Eyes,
 Which from our own Engraftment fruitful rise!

Still

Still we love best what we with Labour gain,
As the Child's dearer for the Mother's Pain.

The Great, I neither envy nor deride ;
Nor stoop to swell a vain *Superior's* Pride ;
Nor view an *Equal's* Lot with jealous Eyes ;
Nor crush the Wretch, *Beneath* ; but mourn his Cries.
Where Friendships flourish, I'd no Jars create,
Nor by Another's Fall advance my State.
Nor misuse Wit, against an absent Friend :
I dare the Vertues of a Foe defend. (Weight,
Thro' Wealth and Want true Minds preserve their
Meek, tho' Exalted ; tho' Despis'd, Elate :
Refug'd, or wrong'd, They equal Precept know,
And prize the Patron, and forgive the Foe,

Tho' strait my Fortune, still my Thoughts extend:
This is the *Picture* of thy absent Friend.
Tho' cruel Distance bars my *grosser* Eye,
My Soul, *clear-sighted*, draws thy Aspect Nigh ;
Tho'

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Tho' lost to Comfort, compass'd round by Care;
Spleen in my Breast, and in my View Despair;
Thro' the deep Gloom thy quick'ning Merit gleams;
And lights up *Fortitude* with Friendship's Beams.

On Lady MARY WORTLEY MOUNTAGUE's bringing with Her, out of Turkey, the Art of Inoculating the Small Pox.

By AARON HILL, Esq;

WHen *Greece*, reviving into short Delight,
Felt Pride, and Comfort, at our Muse's
The Rival'd *Nine* no sooner saw Her Face, (Sight:
But ev'n their Envy gave their Wonder Place!
Charm'd, into Love, of what eclips'd their Fame!
They wak'd *Apollo*, with Her pow'rful Name.

See!

See! — God of *Grecian* Wit! *Urania* cries,
How sweet a *Muse* the *Western* World supplies!
Say? Shou'd she ask some Favour from your Throne,
What cou'd you bid Her take, that's not Her Own?
Sparkling in Charms, the heav'nly Stranger view,
So grac'd! — she scarce can owe a *Beam*, to You!
Beauty, with Love, Her Pow'r to Yours prefers:
And Wit, and Learning, are, already, Hers!

Rous'd, at Her *Name*, — Receding, from Her Eyes,
The gazing God rose slow, in soft Surprise!
Fair Miracle, He said — and paus'd, a-while:
Then, thus — Sweet Glory, of your envied Isle!
Charm'd, and oblig'd, lest we ungrateful seem,
Bear hence, at least, one Mark of our Esteem.
One, of my Three, great Claims, your Wish may fit;
Whose Voice is Musick: and whose Thoughts are
Wit!

Phyick, alone, remains, to grant you, here
A Skill! your godlike Pity will endear.

Form'd

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Form'd, to give Wounds, which must no Ease procure,
 Attune your Influ'nce, by new Arts, to cure.
 Beauty's chief Foe, a fear'd, and fierce Disease !
 Bows, at my Beck ; and knows, its God's Decrees.
 Breath'd, in this Kiss, take Pow'r, to tame its Rage:
 And, from its Rancour, free the rescu'd Age.
 High, o'er each Sex, in double Empire, sit :
 Protecting Beauty, and inspiring Wit.

*To Mr. SAVAGE, on telling me his
 Misfortunes.*

By CLIO.

Soul-piercing Sorrow, Oh ! no more invade,
 I do conjure thee, this Harmonious Mind;
Savage for Immortality was made,

Why are not *Mothers*, like the *Muses*, kind ?
 Why ask I thee, O *Sorrow*, Thou art blind.

Inhumane

Inhumane Tyrant o'er our short-liv'd Days,
Thou drink'st our Blood (unsocial Fiend!) alone,
Withering our soft Ideas, and our Bays.
Unpitying, the dying Bosoms Groan,
Oh well has Mine thy cruel Ravage known.

All the dear Friends my Fortune e'er cou'd boast,
Were from my Arms by Death or Absence torn,
A murder'd Father yielding up the Ghost —
Heart-breaking Sight, by Nature scarcely born!
The bloody Scene I must for ever mourn.

Can'st Thou an equal Misery pretend?
Allow (O wretched Claim!) my greater Share:
Thou hast no Parent; blest in that, my Friend,
Or none that's worthy of thy tender Care;
Repress thy Sighs; thy Burst of Groans forbear.

The

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The *Muses* are thy Parents, all the *Nine*

Avow thee *Theirs* ; Thou shalt Immortal be.

Hillarius too, the God of Wit, is thine,

Father, and Friend, and Ev'ry thing to Thee :

How rich art Thou in Happiness, to Me ?

Oh hear, my Stars ! whatever you intend,

To raise my Fortune high, or to depress ;

If Shipwreck'd here below, with such a Friend

As sweet *Hillarius* ; the long Voyage blest,

And charm the Storms of Life with Tenderness.

How blest'd art thou, while such a Hand sustains

Thy helpless Youth ; so fit to lead thee on ;

Inspiring still, and lengthening out the Reins ;

Pointing the glorious Course himself has run ;

Warming thy Soul with his own native Sun.

Great

Great is the Height thy Infant Eaglet flies;
But who will wonder at its early Flight?
Hillarins has inform'd it where to rise,
And shown it all the shining Fields of Light;
Oh! I gaze after it with aking Sight.

To the Reverend Mr. JOHN BRANDRETH (*Author of an Epitaph placed on the Monument of Colonel JOHN FERMOR*) on his recommending me a Subject for Verse.

By WILLIAM COLEPEPER, Esq;

THou wreath'st the Author's with the Hero's
Bays,

Thy Learning's Own, with valiant *Fermor's* Praise;

Stamp

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Stamp now thy Sov'reign Wit on current Rhime,
Or teach my Muse, like thine, to soar sublime!

As Wealthy Senates, when they tax, their Share
Lay on weak Want, which least the Load can bear;
You, Sir, beyond what's equitably fit,
Expect from my thin Rhime your Weight of Wit.

Av'rice is fure a Crime, tho' ev'n your Own!
Tho' from the Nation's Vice it's Habit grown!
Since you'll in Sense a Hoarding Miser be,
Just *Phæbus* grants your vast Estate, to me:
Hence as the Penalty attones your Crime,
Rhime shall grace Wit, your Wit shall raise my Rhime!



On BELIZA.

By the Reverend Mr. PHILIP
CARTER, Chaplain to the Earl
of ROCHFORD.

WHILE I, in artless Verse, aspire to raise
My Numbers equal to *Beliza's* Praise ;
Apollo, grant a Portion of thy Skill,
And elevate my Fancy to my Will ?
So shall the Nymph in my Description shine ;
So shall my Verse be like the Nymph divine.
Smooth, like her Wit, shall flow the happy Song ;
Bright as her Eyes, and tuneful like her Tongue.

To MIRA, from the Country.

By the Author of the celebrated Ballad of William and Margaret

AT this late Hour, the World lies hush'd be-
low ;
Nor is one Breath of Air awake to blow.
Now walks mute *Midnight*, darkling, o'er the Plain,
Rest, and soft-footed *Silence* in his Train,
To bless the Cottage, and renew the Swain.
These all-asleep, me all-awake they find ;
Nor *Rest*, nor *Silence*, charm the Lover's Mind.
Already, I a Thousand Torments prove,
The thousand Torments of divided Love :
The rolling *Thought*, impatient in the Breast ;
The flutt'ring *Wish* on Wing, that will not rest ;
Desire,

Desire, whose kindled Flames, undying, glow ;
Knowledge of distant Bliss, and present Woe ;
 Unhush'd, unsleeping All, with Me they dwell,
Children of Absence, and of loving well !
These pale the Cheek, and cloud the chearless Eye ;
 Swell the swift Tear, and heave the frequent Sigh :
These reach the Heart, and bid the Health decline ;
 And *These*, oh *Mira* ! *These* are truly mine.

She, whose sweet Smiles would gladden all the
 Grove,
 Whose Mind is Musick, and whose Looks are Love ;
She, gentle *Power* ! victorious *Softness* ! — *She*,
Mira, is far from hence, from Love, and Me.
 Yet, in my ev'ry Thought, her Form I find,
 Her Looks—her Words—her World of Charms combin'd !

Sweetness is her's, and unaffected Ease ;
 The native Wit, that was not taught to please.

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Whatever softly animates the Face,
 The Eye's attemper'd Fire, the winning Grace,
 Th' unstudy'd Smile, the Blush that Nature warms;
 And all the graceful Negligence of Charms!
 Ha ! while I gaze, a thousand Ardors rise ;
 And my fir'd Bosom flashes from my Eyes.
 Oh ! melting Mildness ! Miracle of Charms !
 Receive my Soul within those folding Arms !
 On that dear Bosom, let my Wishes rest —
 Oh ! softer than the Turtle's downy Breast !
 And see ! where Love himself is waiting near !
 Here, let me ever dwell — for Heav'n is here !



A Winter's Day.

*Written by the same Gentleman, in
a State of Melancholy.*

NOW, gloomy Soul! look out — now comes
thy Turn;

With Thee, behold all ravag'd Nature mourn.

Hail the dim Empire of thy darling Night,

That spreads, flow-shadowing, o'er the vanquish'd
Light.

Look out, with Joy; the RULER of the Day,

Faint, as thy Hopes, emits a glimm'ring Ray:

Already exil'd to the utmost Sky,

Hither, oblique, he turns his clouded Eye.

Lo! from the Limits of the Wintry Pole,

Mountainous Clouds, in rude Confusion, roll:

In

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In dismal Pomp, now, hov'ring on their Way,
 To a sick Twilight, they reduce the Day.
 And hark ! imprison'd Winds, broke loose, arise,
 And roar their haughty Triumph thro' the Skies.
 While the driv'n Clouds, o'ercharg'd with Floods of
 Rain,
 And mingled Lightning, burst upon the Plain.
 Now see sad Earth -- like Thine, her alter'd State,
 Like Thee, she mourns her sad Reverse of Fate !
 Her Smiles, her wanton Looks, — where are they
 now ?
 Faded her Face ! and wrap'd in Clouds her Brow !

No more, th' ungrateful Verdure of the Plain ;
 No more the Wealth-crown'd Labours of the Swain ;
 These Scenes of Bliss, no more upbraid my Fate,
 Torture my pining Thought, and rouse my Hate.
 The Leaf-clad Forest, and the tufted Grove,
 E'er while, the safe Retreats of happy Love,

Stript

and TRANSLATIONS. 311

Script of their Honours, naked, now, appear;
This is — my Soul! the Winter of their Year!
The little, noisy Songsters of the Wing,
All, shiv'ring on the Bough, forget to sing.
Hail! rev'rend Silence! with thy awful Brow!
Be Musick's Voice, for ever, mute — as Now:
Let no intrusive Joy, my dead Repose
Disturb: — no Pleasure disconcert my Woes.

In this Moss-cover'd Cavern, hopeless, laid,
On the cold Clift, I'll lean my aking Head;
And, pleas'd with Winter's Waste, unpitying, see
All Nature in an Agony with Me!
Rough, rugged Rocks, wet Marshes, ruin'd Tow'rs,
Bare Trees, brown Brakes, bleak Heaths, and rushy
Moors;
Dead Floods, huge Cataracts, to my pleas'd Eyes—
(Now I can smile!) — in wild Disorder rise:
And now, the various *Dreadfulness* combin'd,
Black *Melancholy* comes, to doze my Mind.

See!

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See! Night's with'd Shades rise, spreading, thro'
the Air,

And the lone, hollow Gloom, for Me, prepare!

Hail! solitary Ruler of the Grave!

Parent of Terrors! from thy dreary Cave!

Let thy dumb Silence *midnight* all the Ground,

And spread a welcome Horror wide around. —

But hark! — a sudden Howl invades my Ear! —

The Phantoms of the dreadful Hour are near.

Shadows, from each dark Cavern, now combine,

And stalk around, and mix their Yells with mine.

Stop, flying Time! repose thy restless Wing;

Fix here — nor hasten to restore the Spring:

Fix'd my ill *Fate*, so fix'd let *Winter* be —

Let never wanton Season laugh at Me!

ERRATA.

Page 64, l. 10, instead of *pleasht* read *pleasant*. P. 170, l. 11, instead of *ardent*, read *arduous*. P. 174, l. 3. instead of *In Imitation of Anacreon*, read *In Imitation of a certain Mimic of Anacreon*. P. 198, l. 11, instead of *her*, read *our*.

F I N I S.

